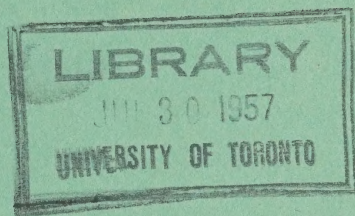
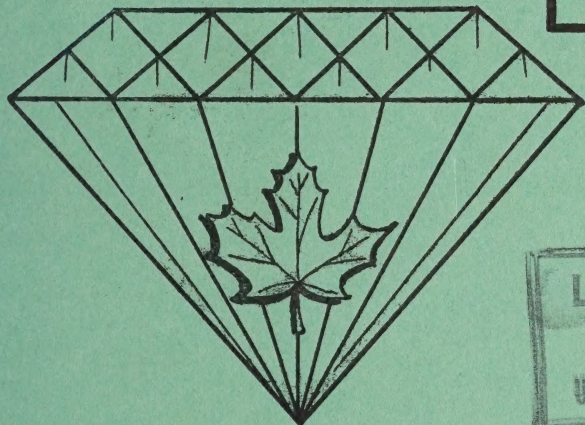


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C.B.



❁ Prisoner's Ten Commandments
❁ Then There Were None
❁ Mexico's Newest Prison
❁ A Noble Experiment
❁ Prison Management
❁ The Court Jester
❁ Just Us



THE DIAMOND

FOUNDED 1951

The C.B. Diamond is written, edited and managed by the men at Collin's Bay Penitentiary, Kingston, Ontario, with permission of MAJOR GENERAL R.B. GIBSON, COMMISSIONER OF PENITENTIARIES, and under sanction of Colonel V.S.J. RICHMOND, WARDEN. The Administration reserves the right to reject all articles of scurrilous or defamatory nature, or which impede the proper administration of justice. Manuscripts are solicited from the inmate population and their views do not necessarily reflect those of the Department of Justice. The purpose of this publication is to aid, inspire and cultivate intellectual improvement among prisoners; to assist in overcoming arbitrary social bias wherever it is met; to discuss, advocate and encourage further penological improvements, and to champion the cause of prisoners everywhere.

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Statistics (June 24, 1957)

Total Population	461	Received	17
High Number	4749	Disch. by Expiry	12
Low Number	3675	Tickets of Leave	6
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COLLIN'S BAY DIAMOND JULY

WORDS OF WISDOM

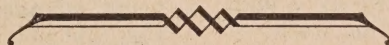
The skilful and unremitting use of propaganda can persuade the majority of people that Heaven is Hell or, conversely, that the most miserable existence is paradise.

.... A Philosopher

CONTENTS



EDITORIAL	2
THE 'BARRD' BARS	3
PRISON MANAGEMENT	4
REDEEMING	5
THE PENAL PRESS SAYS	8
A MODERN FABLE	10
THE PRISONERS TEN COMMANDMENTS	11
AND THEN THERE WERE NONE	12
SPEAKING OF SPORTS	17
REELIN' & DEELIN'	24
RADIO RAMBLINGS	27
THE TACTLESS TEXAN	28
THE INSIDE STORY	30
JUST US	34
MEXICAN PRISON TO REBUILD MEN	35
OUR READERS WRITE	36



— PLATFORM —

1. To inspire and cultivate moral and intellectual improvement amongst the men of Collin's Bay Penitentiary.
2. To aid in overcoming the arbitrary bias which is one of the numerous "bars sinister" to a wayward man's redemption.
3. To discuss progressive and revolutionary penological data, without recourse to partiality, favour or affection.
4. To evince Stoicism and humour, to the end that light shall obtain even in darkness.
5. To elicit the support of Society in welcoming the return of a man from prison who needs help and who is genuinely desirous of seeking his reformation in the highly competitive life of the free world.

EDITORIAL

The So-Called Criminal Class

Movie actor Rory Calhoun is an ex-convict and he makes no bones about it. His wife, model and actress Lita Baron, is proud of him for it. Not because of his criminal background or because he has served time in prison, but because of the obstacles he has overcome despite the handicaps involved in a criminal past.

"During the eight years I lived outside the law," Calhoun says, "I came to know hundreds of men of the so-called criminal class. I sincerely believe that ninety percent of them are basically decent human beings who can go right if given the correct inspiration."

Rory Calhoun served time in the Federal Reformatory at El Reno, Oklahoma, and later at the Federal Medical Center for Prisoners at Springfield, Missouri, and speaking of his associations while in prison, Calhoun says: Most of the men I knew in El Reno and Springfield were not vicious criminals. They didn't look any different from you and me. They didn't talk any differently. Most of them have repented and are determined to live honestly when they have finished serving their time.

"The greatest majority of us don't want to be bad. Nobody wants to throw away the best years of his life caged up in a little room with iron bars. A few of us go wrong but that doesn't make us hopelessly lost souls. All of us should try to help those who, out of ignorance or an evil impulse, have gone wrong.

"Sympathy and respect and genuine faith in a man can help him change himself."

Coming from such a celebrated ex-convict . . . a successful ex-convict . . . the above statements are inspiring and do more toward spreading the truth about the *real* prisoner than a thousand editorials written by a man who writes from the inside of prison walls.

There is little need for further elaboration; we suggest it be read again.

New Justice Minister

The recent national elections have produced some changes in the federal government that will ultimately have its effect in some measure on men now confined in federal penal institutions.

It has been announced, as we go to press, that the new Minister of Justice is Davey Fulton. Mr. Fulton has for years spoken out in favor of the need for penal reform; that prisons no longer should be merely places of confinement and punishment.

On behalf of inmates in this and other federal penitentiaries throughout the Dominion of Canada, The C.B. Diamond respectfully sends congratulations to the Honorable Mr. Fulton on the occasion of his appointment.

Remission Service Expansion

Until this year, only Vancouver and Montreal boasted field offices of the federal remission service. This Spring, such offices were opened at Winnipeg, Toronto and Moncton, and a sixth will be established later this year at Kingston.

More paroles are being granted, according to the remission service's latest press release, and parolees are coming in for better after-care by trained personnel.

There are definite indications of a stepped-up campaign to give 5,500 prisoners in Canadian penitentiaries more opportunity for parole. . . and this is the only logical, sensible thing to do. Building more prisons to house a never-ending flow of new offenders is not the answer, most assuredly. Sensible and equitable application of parole and probation laws is the tenet that most closely approximates the needs of those men in prison desiring to rehabilitate themselves. Nobody gains when a man is sent to prison. Everybody loses something.

It is heartening to read of the changes now being advanced. . . it is a strong, positive sign that not only has the need been recognized, but that concrete measures are now under way to put them into operation.

** _____ ** ** _____ ** ** _____ **

Did you know that with life insurance a man can make his will BEFORE he makes his money?

A bore is one who insists on talking about himself when you want to talk about yourself.

Question: Will I have bad luck if a black cat crosses my path?

Answer: Not unless you are a mouse.

The Barred Bards

The love of praise, howe'er concealed by art,
Reigns more or less, and glows in ev'ry heart.
—Satire

MY ONLY DIARY

I keep no diary of us,
Together or apart,
Because my memories of you
Are written in my heart.

How could my heart forget you
When you have been so sweet!
Each echo of a moment past
Becomes another beat.

And every beating of my heart
Becomes a sentence new
That turns into a paragraph
Of happiness with you.

So, also every paragraph
Contributes to a page,
Until the pages fill my book —
According to our age.

The only record that I try
To keep of you and me
Is in my heart, and oh, it is
A loving diary.

—Jerry Albright

** ** **

GOD'S CHRISTIAN SOLDIER

You've all heard of Major Mercer
And his service at The Bay,
For the joy he brings to inmate hearts;
Their care he drives away.

He belongs to the Salvation Army;
God's soldiers of the land,
And they are here upon this earth
To save all the souls they can.

Now he is getting up in years;
His hair is thin and grey;
He spoke of his retirement
At our Bible Class one day.

This aging man is so sincere
In his love for God and man,
For he comes here to save our souls
And to help us all he can.

We are all going to miss him
When he leaves us on that day —
The men and women at Kingston Pen,
And the men at Collin's Bay.

God bless Major Mercer,
The leader of our band,
For the Gospel and the Hymns he sings;
May his name forever stand.

This Army is well known, of course,
By ev'ry colour and creed,
For they're God's own Christian Soldiers;
They help everyone in need.

And although we are in prison,
He has brightened up our days
Through his Bible Class on Sundays;
Our souls for God he's saved.

—M.A. Gilson

MY BROTHER, J.H.

You read our books, but cannot see
The love contained in poetry.
It's written by men who are far away;
Who hope to be with their wives someday.

I know it's hard to find a clue,
'Cause writing poetry is hard for you.
Just open your heart; let it run free,
Then you'll write poetry, just like me.

It comes quite easy when you're all alone;
To express your love to those at home,
For it's them you think of night and day;
It's them you remember, when you pray.

So take a tip from me, my brother:
The poems I write come from no other,
I'm sure you'll believe what I say is true,
When you read this poem dedicated to you!

—Eldon McCorkell

** ** ** **

POETIC REVERIE

Some poets feel a great desire
To write of love as burning fire;
To tell a tale with rhythmic grace
Of innocence in a maiden's face;
Or perhaps to contemplate in prose,
The beauty of a dew-kissed rose.
But I, alas, I feel no need
To write of love or heroic deed;
I appreciate a rose as such,
But an ode to a rose would be too much;
I have no great message of heavenly bliss,
No tender words of stolen kiss.
No despairing yarn to make the world take note,
Of the sea of sadness on which I float.
"Then what have you to say?" you ask;
"What lies behind this cynic's mask?"
What reason have I for these lines of rhyme?
Well, I've got a ballpoint pen—and a mess of
time!

—Patrick R. Newton

** ** **

FRIENDS

It is my joy in life to find
At every turning in the road,
The strong arms of a comrade kind,
To help me onward with my load.
And since I have no gold to give,
And love alone must make amends,
My only prayer is, while I live,
God make me worthy of my friends.

—Anonymous

Prison Management

By FRANK W. LOVELAND

A top official of the U.S. Federal Prison System analyzes prison climates.

If the climate of an institution is frigid because of conditions which foster sullenness, uncooperativeness and antagonism, men will not change for the better in prison. Anything in the institution setting that unnecessarily contributes to inmate antagonism or causes disciplinary problems is defeating the fundamental purpose of the institution — rehabilitation.

Many a man enters the institution with a 'bad' attitude. He is sullen and distrustful. He thinks the world and everyone having anything to do with the system of criminal justice is against him and is persecuting him. He may fight back in different ways to cause trouble for the administration and make as big a nuisance of himself as possible.

What should the officers' attitude be toward such an individual? Clamp down on him; fight back; put him in his place? This is the natural reaction all of us have, but to submit to our impulses may be a shortsighted policy.

I suspect that many inmates have reason to feel persecuted and to have little respect for the law. Some have previously experienced third-degree methods; have lain for months in filthy jails; have seen many inequalities of justice, and may have experienced inhuman treatment. Why should a man who has had such experiences accept anything different when he enters a modern institution? When told that things are different he doesn't believe it. None of this rehabilitation for him; it's just another racket. He will be marked off as an institution failure early in his term.

We are not arguing against isolation, segregation and other disciplinary actions, but rather for an understanding attitude. All of us are inclined to react to 'bad' attitudes and the actions which result from them, as personal affront. This is more emotional feeling than reason as most inmate attitudes and infractions are not directed against an individual, but a situation or system.

Perhaps we cannot change all the inmates who enter the institution with paranoid attitudes — those who are suspicious, hostile, and feel they are being persecuted. But we certainly should be concerned if there are influences within the institution that develop antagonistic and uncooperative attitudes. There are

such influences in every institution; in some to a more noticeable degree than in others. The two major causes are first, irritating rules and regulations, and second, the improper handling of the inmates by the institutional personnel.

The traditional way of handling a problem in prison has been to make another rule, increase the restrictions. I am acquainted with one state institution which listed in its rule book 62 possible violations, with the result that almost everyone in the institution was, at one time or another, a disciplinary problem. Even the most progressive institutions have numerous restrictions which should be thoroughly analyzed to determine whether they are doing more harm than good. Are we building up resentment in hundreds of men by a rule which might apply to a situation once in several years?

Some of the major irritants to prisoners are restrictive regulations on correspondence and visiting. In our attempts to eliminate escapes and contraband, and for the purpose of institutional convenience, regulations and practices have gradually evolved which affect one of the strongest desires of inmates — their contact with the outside world.

Other irritants which usually arise from differences in interpretation of regulations include: the personal property which a man may have in his possession, regulations on leaving food on his plate, the wearing of shirts when working out-of-doors, and so on. The enforcement of these and countless others may seem of slight importance to the prison employee, but may assume dangerous proportions in the undermining of inmate morale.

If there are irritants in the free world we escape them by going home. If there are irritants at home we go to the movies. Or we can take a vacation or have a nervous breakdown. The inmate has no escape. He must eat, work, and live in the same place with more or less the same people for years. Seemingly minor irritants then become all-absorbing and intolerable injustices.

The point is that all of us in prison work should re-examine our regulations and methods of enforcement in the light of their effect on inmate attitudes and adjustment. We need

A Noble Experiment At Utrecht...

REDEEMING

By Derrick Sington

The world is only on the threshold of the curative approach to crime. But in a good many places, including the American states, the Scandinavian nations and Britain, important pioneer experiments in "healing" have been launched. Probably the most daring of all of them is being undertaken in the Dutch university town of Utrecht.

In forty-two American states the archaism of capital punishment continues in defiance of the manifold evidence proving that punishment by killing is no deterrent to crime. In the six states where the death penalty has been abolished for non-political crimes, lifelong confinement of murderers is perpetrated as the sole acceptable alternative to capital punishment.

Ostensibly life incarceration is invoked for the protection of society from the "incurable" and "dangerous" offender. In reality, insistence upon it springs much more from instincts of retribution and revenge.

The truth is that the constructive civilized alternative to execution or veritable life imprisonment for the "dangerous" and "twisted" criminal has not yet been fully accepted in any country of the world. That alternative is the cure and rehabilitation of people who are offenders because they have become deformed in mind and spirit. The well-meaning efforts of the educator and social worker — already so extensively deployed — cannot alone achieve the decisive end, nor can it be brought about merely through good prison plants, vocational training, libraries and lectures in citizenship. The modern weapon of psychotherapy and psychoanalysis offers the brightest hope.

It is only two years since Professor Pieter Baan, a brilliant young Dutchman who is a qualified jurist besides being a doctor and psychiatrist, persuaded the Dutch government to support him in launching a new-style "clinic." He chose for it a site in the middle of Utrecht. Obviously, as he agrees, an isolated rural location would have been preferable on many grounds for a virtually open institution which houses serious offenders. But he points out that first-rate psychiatrists in sufficient numbers cannot be induced to live and work in the countryside. And first-rate psychiatric

treatment is the basis of the Utrecht experiment. In Professor Baan's clinic—named after Van der Hoeven, a leader of Dutch psychotherapeutic or psychoanalytic treatment that compares with that offered by the most heavily-endowed and expensive of private institutions anywhere in the world. Each of them faces a psychoanalyst or sits in a psychotherapy group at least four or five days a week. On the staff are six psychiatrists, four psychologists and ten experienced social workers.

The group therapy sessions at the Van der Hoeven Clinic are led by two members of the staff: a psychiatrist and a psychologist. This unusual double leadership is held to have three advantages. It makes possible discussion between the two staff members who are concerned with the difficult problems of running such a group; it ensures continuity in case one leader is absent; and it spreads and mitigates the psychological dependence of the patients on a leader which tends to develop during this process of delving down into the roots of mental trouble. In a few cases where patients have had great difficulty in bringing to the surface their past experiences, the drug pentothol has been used to supplement psychoanalysis or group psychotherapy.

The inmates of the clinic are among the most difficult and mentally deformed offenders from Holland's prisons. At present there are eight murderers among them, some of whom have committed crimes which in America would have earned for them the appellation "monster" and who, in abolition states, would almost certainly have had little hope of ever re-emerging from behind prison walls. One strangled a ten-year-old girl; another shot his homosexual partner in a quarrel. Included also are psychopathic personalities who during the German occupation acted as concentration-camp guards for the Nazi SS and committed

atrocities against fellow Dutchmen.

One presupposition exists for the "healing" work being carried on at the clinic. All cases sent there have agreed to undergo treatment. They all come from prisons where they have served parts of a sentence. This progression is based on Dutch legislation covering the psychopathic or abnormal offender. He is regarded as "partly responsible" for his offenses, though to some extent also a sick man. Hence his sentence is a mixed one, compounded of punishment and treatment. Leading Dutch penologists, believing that prison rarely does anything but deform the personality, would prefer to see abnormal offenders sent straight to the treatment centers.

The borderline between punishing and healing has been completely crossed at the Utrecht clinic. All traces of vindictive and pain-inflicting concepts associated with punishment have been abandoned. The clinic operates under the Ministry of Justice, but there is no hard discipline, no prison rules and regulations. The visitor can hardly imagine that he is among criminals. In the female wing, a dozen women of various ages were undergoing treatment. Several of them were sitting in deck-chairs on the lawn, in summer frocks (no prison clothes are worn). In the male part of the clinic, most of the patients there work in the cobbler's shop or at carpentry; a few were reading in an attractive recreation room; some were drawing or sketching in a sort of studio; and one young man was playing a piano composition of his own to a group of his fellow inmates. The men and women remain in their separate wings, but they associate at dances and on other social occasions which take place every few weeks.

At present a high proportion of the inmates are working in town. One is in a stone-factory, another works in a tailoring establishment; some are masons, painters, carpenters, and insurance clerks. One man is allowed to practice organ-playing in Utrecht Cathedral. The women are fairly well occupied with domestic jobs. Decisions as to whether or not a patient shall be permitted to work outside are taken by Professor Baan himself. He too bears the responsibility for allowing inmates to go out into town in their leisure time — to theatres, cinemas, or concerts. This is authorized as often as possible; and permission is also granted by the Ministry of Justice in suitable cases for leave to be spent away from the clinic with relatives and friends. The inmates' cor-

respondence is normally never opened except at the beginning of his or her treatment at the clinic.

Before arriving at decisions affecting the inmates either collectively or individually, the clinic staff frequently obtain the views of the patients. Part of the therapy used on these abnormal people is the conferment of responsibility, the stimulation of constructive activity, the activation of the social and judicial faculties. This is being ingeniously — and in part successfully — attempted by consultation, by the functioning of a kind of Joint Council system. As Professor Baan put it: "We believe here in Montesquieu's 'division of powers'."

A "parliament composed of all the clinic inhabitants, patients as well as staff, meets and debates once a week. An advisory executive board, made up of three members of the staff and seven patients — chosen by secret ballot — has a considerable voice in the day-to-day administration. A small "court of justice," made up of the staff, sits in judgment on inmates who offend during their time in the clinic. For example, escapers are brought before this "tribunal." The Joint Executive Council, on the other hand, provides the chance for the staff to consult the patients' representatives before something has gone wrong. For instance, the question whether a patient should be allowed to go out alone into the town may be discussed by the Joint Executive; so may problems of specially difficult inmates who are often able to more effectively express themselves to the staff through their chosen representatives.

What about the possibilities of escape? Well, these are obviously great in the case of inmates who walk or bicycle to work in the town or who get leave. Even those who cannot be trusted to go alone could, without any great difficulty, slip away. Although the clinic is not completely "open," any effect of incarceration has been deliberately shunned in its construction and management. The low wall on the inside — about eight feet high — is easily scalable; and there are no bars to the reinforced-glass windows. The windows cannot normally be opened more than seven inches; but here again responsibility rests on inmates themselves, because certain trusted patients have keys with which the windows can be opened further. Professor Baan belongs to the school of penologists which holds that high walls and iron bars are an incentive to

escape as well as a source of deformation of the prisoner's mind and personality.

There have been escapes from the clinic, but in every case re-arrest or voluntary return has followed; and no serious offense has been committed by any escaped inmate. The staff has been encouraged by the high proportion of escapers who come back of their own volition. Many of the inmates are apparently conscious that they need the therapy. This has been confirmed within the clinic itself, where prisoners sometimes concur with the doctor's decision not to allow them to go out alone.

The status of the prisoner or patient under treatment is that he or she is serving an "indeterminate sentence" or "is at the disposal of the Government." The Dutch Minister of Justice acts, normally, on the advice of the clinic staff. But in exceptional cases, he consults a Commission of Advice consisting of a professor or psychiatry, a professor of criminology, a psychiatrist and an official of the Department of Justice.

For a visitor to the Van der Hoeven Clinic the completely relaxed and almost gay atmosphere of the place is extremely impressive. It may also be a little deceptive, for — as the staff emphasizes — plenty of tensions exist among these unstable and abnormal people, and crises can and do blow up suddenly. But external conditions as near as possible to normality are the consistent aim of the staff. And indeed the casual visitor has the feeling that

he is in an up-to-date youth hostel. It is hard for him to avoid the conclusion that in such a favourable human and material environment, with so much skilled attention always at hand for each individual, the chance of restoring warped people to normality is very considerable.

It is still too early to assess the results of the experiment at Utrecht, because it was launched only two years ago. But the signs are good. Six offenders so far released as safe have settled satisfactorily in society, holding constructive jobs.

What immediately occurs to the visitor is the high cost of such a treatment center. The clinic is indeed an expensive institution. Every patient costs the state \$7.00 for each day of treatment, with something recouped by inmates who contribute to their upkeep out of earnings.

But if the Utrecht experiment can be shown over a period to achieve consistent results it should prove a most economic venture. A short time ago Professor Baan investigated the cost to society of a confirmed offender who had spent about thirty years of his life in prison. The actual expenditure on keeping this man in confinement had been about \$28,000. And this left out of the account the material damage he had brought about. The professor is convinced that if offenders could, early enough receive such treatment as is provided at the clinic, many of them could be cured perhaps within three years at a total cost of about \$8,400.

PRISON MANAGEMENT

some fundamental thinking on the reason for regulation. Do they serve a good purpose or are they enforced simply because they were first published in the *Rules for Government Prisoners of 1912*? Were they adopted merely to save officials time and effort without regard to their effect on attitudes and behavior? There are rules and practices which, I am sure create more problems than they solve. There are institutions regulations which become obsolete and should be written off the books. Regulations should be based upon practicability and they should be interpreted and enforced wisely. Every rule should be able to pass these tests: *Is this rule necessary? Is it contributing to the general welfare of the in-*

Continued from Page 4

stitution and to the fundamental purpose for which the institution exists?

The only justification for rules and regulations is their help in the administration of an orderly community. Elements of an orderly community are security; health and sanitation; opportunities for useful employment; spiritual, social, and intellectual growth; the constructive use of leisure; and the conservation of material and human resources.

If we are able to create a community which will be conducive to rehabilitation, our regulations and practices must be in harmony with this objective. If they are to be wisely administered their purpose must be understood by every officer.

We have a criminal jury system which is superior to any in the world; and its efficiency is only marred by the difficulty of finding 12 men every day who don't know anything and can't read.

—Mark Twain

THE PENAL PRESS SAYS . . .

Thoughts and bits of philosophy and humor penned by the foremost authorities on prison in the world today — prisoners.

A MATTER OF AGE

We've often fought against sending children to penal institutions. We fought and fought and nothing has happened. But we don't give up that easily. We now have another moot point: How about old men? There are men in our penal institution 75 and 80 years old. Men who can hardly walk, whose meals must be brought to their cells. "Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything. And sans compassion..."

Pen-O-Rama,
St. Vincent de Paul Pen
Montreal, Quebec

** ** *

NO FEAR OF PUNISHMENT

Social anthropologists say that the American Indians made unsatisfactory workers because they had no craving for, or even any use for wages, and made poor slaves because they had no fear of the punishments for not working. Many creative artists work hard when inspired, yet are unproductive and indifferent to profit when not inspired. Some of this perversity of motivation may characterize convicts...

Monthly Record,
Conn. State Prison
Wethersfield, Conn.

** ** *

'FIND ZE WOMAN'

Over the years spent in durance vile, I have become convinced inmates are not unlike their free counterparts — they also can blame their troubles on some woman...

Davy Robinson
Pathfinder,
Prince Albert, Sask.

** ** *

VICTOR'S SPOILS

For the best question received between this here date today and Memorial Day, the Question And Answer Man will reward the sender with the following: An autographed picture of Whiskey Hunter, an interview with the counselor of your choice, six Pepsi-Cola cups (not to be confused with six cups of Pepsi-Cola), a permanent show pass to the Saturday mo-

vies and either a lunch-bucket to show your parole officer or a pocket-sized copy of the do-it-yourself best seller, "Dusting Your Bars Can Be Fun."

The Spectator,
Southern Michigan Prison
Jackson, Michigan

** ** *

BEST SMELLER

Reading a certain columnist, we learn that a new book blurb touts it to be filled with "sex, drink, gambling, dope, incest, suicides, murders, inquests and ends with a good public hanging." Now there is a book we just can't wait to ignore. On second thought, maybe we'll read it after all. Perhaps that "good public hanging" will have as its main event a guy we'd love to watch dangle. Two guys, in fact. The author and publisher.

O.P. News,
Ohio State Penitentiary
Columbus, Ohio

** ** *

THE SYSTEM

There are very few people who won't read the accident and sex columns in the newspapers before they get around to the statistical and historical, factual columns. You doubt me? Pick up a newspaper and look at the front page. Publishers and writers alike know all too well what sells their paper. Maybe some of you would like to have the other side of the story? You should know it. At the same time, you shouldn't forget ours. Ours is actually very simple and positive. We only wish to do our time as quickly as possible. We get upset over little things and we laugh about catastrophes. We cuss the courts, the system the officials, the situation, and then go to bed and pray our thanks to God that conditions are as they are and not like that of the guy next to us. We do our jobs as efficiently and as quickly as possible, glad that we have the opportunity to do something to keep busy; then pitch a fit about being over-worked...

Eddie Chapman
The Insider
Washington, D.C.

BILLION BOODLE

Delving into the subject of money, which is always an interesting subject, it was found that a billion dollars is approximately a thousand million dollars, give or take a little. If you had a million or a thousand million in single one-dollar bills, it would take you more than thirty-one years to count them if you counted at the rate of one a second for twenty-four hours a day. If you happened to be a generous billionaire and you wanted to give away ten thousand dollars every day, you would have to live more than 273 years to do this.

Raiford Record
Florida State Prison
Raiford, Florida

** ** *

WHO WILL DO THE JOB?

We feel that there should be an agency that places wayward children under the guidance and direction of willing and qualified "substitute parents." The most important attribute these "substitute parents" should have is an ability to communicate with the children to whom they are assigned. We know of no such agency at this time, unless the Big Brother organization in Philadelphia is doing this job. That is the idea, anyway — a face-to-face, one-to-one relationship between a child and an adult where the adult is willing to give intellectual, physical, and emotional support to the child. This is what juvenile delinquents lack. Who will do the job? Is there such an adult for every juvenile delinquent in this

country? We think so. All they have to do is get organized.

Reformatory Pillar
Minn. State Reformatory
St. Cloud, Minnesota

** ** *

WOODCHOPPER'S BALL

Scene: Eliminations for Little Olympics. Time: drizzly ten o'clock. Place: lower yard, also drizzly. Chesty Chick, the North Block Jim Thorpe, ran in every race, competed in every event. And he qualified, more or less, for two distance events. Interviewed by an enterprising newsman, Chick had this to say after his exhausting trials: "Everything was all right but them hurdles, man. They're hard on the knees. By the time you get them all busted, somebody else has won the race!"

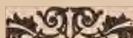
San Quentin News
California State Prison
San Quentin, California

** ** *

DEFT DEFINITIONS

Hickory Stick: Well balanced justice.
Reform School: Criminal hatchery.
Reformatory: The closet where society hides its skelton.
Penitentiary: Housing for the Royal Order of 'Got Caughts.'

The Reflector
Women's Reformatory
Shakopee, Minnesota



On Disparities

Conceding that there are cases demanding punishment to the limit of the law, every judge is, on occasion, tempted to "throw the book" at a particular offender. This attitude smacks of personal venegeance from which we, as judges, should abstain. It indicates arbitrariness and lack of judicial temperament... There are other pressures too. Nothing will shake the public's confidence in the courts more quickly than yielding to the pressure of influence of those highly placed in the economic or social life of the community. An officer loots his bank of a million and is given a year. A boy pilfers a rural mail box of a dollar and draws a like sentence. That is a uniformity not to be commended. Such disparity can lead only to disfavor and must be avoided. "Equal and exact justice," though never actually attainable, is nevertheless, the polestar that should direct the course of judicial discretion.

—Judge Harlan H. Grooms

A Modern Fable

*From the editorial page, San Quentin News
California State Prison*



IT'S always good for a yak. Especially in an institutional setting where the oldest boys in the world find it necessary to focus attention on those less fortunate for whatever funny, twisted reasons. And it's easy. You say something, 'You can take the boy out of the country ... but you can't take the country out of the boy.' It's a yak; you feel comfortable for a moment by contrast. And poor old Homer, he just grins sheepishly and broadens his accent.

Well, Homer now... maybe he's worth a chuckle. He's forty, maybe forty-two. He's on his second term. The first time he was so awed by the surroundings that he never did get around to finding out what could be done for him...if he'd let it be done.

And there was a little trouble too. People talk fast and use big words; why they confused him, sort of. Ain't but one way to combat that and that's to let all the confusion and embarrassment boil out in swinging fists and lunging knees.

Back home it wasn't like that. Wasn't much in the way of a school and if there had been Homer wouldn't have attended. Trying to scratch a living out of the reluctant earth where his folks lived was a full-time, full-family job and meat on the table was more important than learning to read.

Homer was conscious of the lack, of course. Maybe even a little resentful. Especially when his fourteen year old sister would effortlessly interpret the meaningless squiggles in the slick magazines and country newspapers. But the need wasn't pressing enough to force him out of an understandable lethargy.

Now if Homer'd stayed home perhaps it would never have become obvious to him how much his lack of education set him apart from others in this big, brawny, vigorous and knowledge-hungry country. But the war came. The army did not want him but the defense plants weren't too fussy about who took their money and Homer sure did like money.

So they boy came out of the country.

Wars don't last forever, though. And you know what? It was a little harder to get work after the shooting and hollering was done. Homer giggled around here and there. By this time he'd got himself a family and meat sure was high; not like back home. California called with its stories of fabulous opportunities and here came Homer, trailing kids and weary wife.

And fruit-picking don't last forever, either. It's seasonal. Nothing seasonal about a baby's appetite. Well, Homer could not let the kids starve so for one reason or another he jumps in and out of jail. That takes care of him, all right... but what about the family?

Yes, maybe he's worth a chuckle. He really does look funny. Every day, rain or shine, morning or afternoon, trudging off to school; books clutched, denim jacket tucked up around the reddened turkey-neck. Why, where you goin' old man? Don't take no algebra to read a catalogue. Ain't no flour sacks printed in Latin, Homer.

Three years of this. That's a long time for a stringy-muscled, red-country man like Homer to take a ribbing. But the sheepish grin worked pretty well and after a while there was a certain excitement in learning and Homer didn't want to give it up...not for nothing.

He sweat bucketsful. And one by one the neglected subjects of his work-weary youth became familiar to him. Homer learned to read. And write and cipher. It was a lot harder for him, being older...kind of set in his ways...but he got the job done.

Next week he's going to graduate from High School. Right here, in San Quentin. And when he walks up to the warden to get that piece of paper, the one that most of us got too easily, you watch his lips. That sheepish grin has changed a little; slid around, firmed... and now it's a tolerant, confident smile; like maybe he knew a joke and wasn't about to tell you.

So when he shambles up there with his plow-following lurch and takes that diploma, you laugh.

Go ahead and laugh.

The Prisoner's Ten Commandments

I

Thou shalt respect the rights of thy fellow prisoner, giving unto him the same consideration which thou desireth thyself.

II

Honor the rules and regulations, lest thy time be over-long in this land to which the judge hath sent thee.

III

Thou shalt mind thine own business, lest thy proboscis be scarred by the blows of wrath of thy fellow man.

IV

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor, lest thou be branded all the days thou dwellest here.

V

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's weed, nor his books, nor his pipe, nor his blankets, nor his job, lest thou wake up some morning to find thyself stripped of all thy dearest possessions.

VI

Thou shalt not cry, "Bum Rap!" lest thy fellow prisoners shun thee like the plague.

VII

Thou shalt not force thine aggressions upon thy fellow man, for verily, his adversities are as great as thine own.

VIII

Do well the work allotted thee, lest thou find thyself held accountable for thy laziness.

IX

Incur not the wrath of thy keepers, lest thou be cast into the darkness of the dungeon.

X

Honor these Commandments and refute them not, lest thou suffer great disappointments toward securing an early departure.

First there were three, then two, then one...

And Then There Were None

By
William Huddleston

This was it. This was going to be the one big score that would put them on easy street. Every infinitesimal detail had been ironed out. Every detail, that is, except human nature . . .

It was just another Tuesday. . . just like any Tuesday there in the rather large, Michigan city. The sun was well up in the sky and the din of delivery trucks and street cars left the blue sedan carrying the three men practically unnoticed as it slid to a stop opposite the parking lot adjoining the State Trust building.

"How's the time, Dave?" asked the man sitting in the back seat.

The driver glanced at his watch and without turning, answered: "Ten-twenty-one."

Jim, the man beside the driver, seemed a bit sour as he lit a cigarette. "Why should we check this guy every day? He's walked into this joint for eighteen years now. Every day for eighteen years he arrives at work at ten-thirty; he parks his car in the same place every day. He tips his hat to the same old dames every day and if he lives to be a hundred, he'll go through the same routine, you can bank on that."

Cadl, the man in the back seat, settled back with a faint smile on his face. "I know you guys are anxious to get this thing over with, and so am I. But I've told you before: these things have got to be planned and timed. Neither of you guys have ever done any time in stir . . . not even small time. If you had, you'd realize how important the small things can be in a score like this. I don't want to go back to the state joint, and I'm sure you don't want a pinch either, so just hold your head and by the end of the week, you'll have dough like you never dreamed of before in your life."

"Yeah. Guess you're right," said Dave. "You've given us all good steers so far, and this one will be the grand-daddy of 'em all."

Carl shifted in his seat as he saw the green Chevvie pull onto the parking lot. "What time is it, Dave?"

"Right on the button as usual. Okay, now drive to the other car," said Carl.

It was about twenty blocks before the blue sedan pulled over to the curb. The two men in the front seat turned and listened as Carl spoke.

"Now, according to plan, this spot is the same distance from the Trust building as the house. It'll take me about as long to get the dough as it has taken us to drive here. It's now 11:05. You two get into the other car and drive to the lake. And don't drive over fifty! And don't make any stops. I've got the whole thing timed and I don't want any slip-ups. And if it'll make you feel any better, this is the last time we rehearse. . . the next time is the real thing."

"I'm glad to hear that," Jim said as he stepped out and headed for the rented car.

Carl slid behind the wheel of his car as the other two pulled out in the rented Ford. This has got to work, he thought, as he turned off to reach the other highway leading to the lake where they had the large rented cottage. He sifted the plans again and again in his mind as he nosed the car northward. Each time he checked and rechecked for flaws, but there were none. This was perfect! The long-dreamed perfect crime! He was sure now that his long nights in the state prison had not been entirely wasted, and he was surprised to find himself laughing; laughing loudly.

It was a long trip; nine hours of steady driving. It was just approaching dusk when he pulled up to a small service station and lunch counter. "Fill 'er up," he grunted at the attendant, then he headed for the lunch counter.

He hurriedly ate a sandwich and drank a coke. He paid for everything and continued on his northerly route. It wasn't far, now, and he felt renewed after the coke and the brief stretch. He nudged the big Chrysler up to 70 and held her there until he spotted the cut-off to the lake a hundred yards ahead. He swung off the highway and after a few miles, pulled up on a grassy rise in front of a large, peeled-

log cottage. The Ford stood parked off to one side and the faint sound of music drifted from the curtained windows of the house.

Carl put on his stern look as he swung open the cottage door and stepped inside. "What's the idea of the music?" he asked gruffly.

"What's the difference if it's music today? This is only practice," Jim shot back at him from where he sat.

Carl walked over and turned off the radio. Then he stepped to the window and unhooked the aerial wire. "Now look, you two. I want no slip-ups, understand? So get up and do exactly like I told you. I'll watch you to make sure it's okay, then we'll have a beer."

"Beer," Dave echoed, "sounds wonderful."

The two men rose and walked to the door, then they turned and walked to the radio. Jim picked up the aerial wire, reached out the window and clamped it to the black wire hanging down from the roof. Dave switched on the set and with a few turns of the dial, the powerful set was picking up the state police radio calls.

"That's more like it," Carl said. "The beer is in the trunk of my car."

The men sat around talking and drinking for almost two hours before they headed back for the city. Jim turned on his seat and peered through the car's window. "Well, I'll sure be glad to see this place again," he said laughingly.

"Don't forget I'll call you Thursday night, so make sure you're both home," Carl said as he stood beside the car. The two men nodded and the car drove away.

Carl followed them in his car for twenty miles, then slowly, he allowed them to get ahead of him until their tail lights were almost out of sight. He switched to his parking lights and pulled onto the shoulder of the road. His gold pocket watch read 11:33. He placed the watch on the dash in front of him and lit a cigarette. Time passed; 11:40, then 11:50. He put the watch back in his pocket. They hadn't missed him. He could go back now.

He switched on the headlights and swung the Chrysler around, headed northward again. The speedometer climbed in a steady arc and hovered between 95 and 100. He eased up as he approached the road to the cottage. Back at the house, he slid out of the car, opened the back door and lifted the seat. He withdrew two bundles, carefully wrapped in rags. Inside the cottage, he placed the bundles on the kitchen table and turned on the lights. Carefully he unwrapped the first bundle. It was a reel of heavy wire with a strong clip on one end . . . and two dynamite caps. He pulled off his

coat and took the wire outside. From the back porch he climbed, cat-like, to the roof; making his way along the high crest to the front where the wires from the road were hooked up. He uncoiled the wire he carried and threw one end over this side of the roof. . . the end with the heavy clip he held lightly as he reached for the wires that carried the power.

He opened the clip and let the jaws close on one of the wires. The sharp teeth of the clip found their way through the insulation, and Carl's plan was well under way.

Back inside the house again, the bedroom light reflected a hint of excitement in the features of Carl. He retrieved a pillow from the bed and as he stepped through the door he picked up one of the caps from the table. The cap had a wire two feet long dangling from it. Outside the house again, he placed the cap under the pillow. He rolled a large rain barrel on top of the pillow, carefully avoiding the wire that dangled from the roof. Once he had accomplished this, he had his back braced against the large barrel; he touched the two wires together. There was a hard jolt and a muffled sound. Smoke rose from beneath the pillow and a satisfied smile played across Carl's face. Works like a charm he thought.

After replacing the barrel, he tore down the old aerial wire, replacing it with the new, live one. He threw the pillow inside his car, to be disposed of later. Back inside the house again, he swiftly opened the second parcel. Seven sticks of dynamite lay in the table before him. He removed the aerial hook-up from the radio and, after attaching it to the cap, replaced it. The sticks were next. His fingers worked fast and sure. Soon the trap was set. He checked it well. Being at last satisfied, he picked up the rags, turned out the lights, and left.

He drove hard for a long time, stopping only once to rid himself of the pillow and the rags.

Carl slept most of Wednesday, going out only at night to make a check on Jim and Dave. They were in their usual haunt, a little pool room just off Nine-Mile Road.

On Thursday, Carl was up early. He drove out to a residential section and parked a hundred yards from a certain house. It was large and expensive-looking; the grounds well kept. A black Caddy was parked in the driveway. Carl wondered why the old man drove a little Chev while the old lady cruised around in that big heap. The old guy could easily afford a Caddy himself. Well, maybe he figured it would be bad for business.

Finally the front door opened and three children came bouncing out carrying school books, their mother right behind them. They piled into the Caddy and the old lady whisked them away to school. Lucky kids. This was their last day of school this week. Friday was a holiday for them; some kind of school board meeting. They'd be home tomorrow.

Carl drove back downtown. He found a place to park and sat watching. At 10:30 Carl made an observation and smiled. Satisfied, he drove home.

At 2:00 that afternoon, Carl made a phone call to the State Trust Building. He requested an appointment with the old man through his secretary for the following morning at 10:45. He "had some business to discuss with Mr. Golden." The appointment was set.

That night Jim and Dave went to Carl's apartment. Once again they went over the plan step by step; once, twice, three times.

"Okay," Carl said. "You got it for sure. Not much chance of anything going wrong. We'll grab this like old cheese," Carl laughed. "Better go home and get some rest. We'll have to be in top form when I call you tomorrow morning."

After they had left, Carl set his alarm clock and lay back listening to the radio. He was on his feet at the first sound of the alarm, hours later. The radio still hummed as he headed for the bathroom and a shower. Today was the big day and he had to be at his best. Once shaved, Carl donned an oxford grey suit, black shoes, and a very conservative tie. He stood before the mirror inspecting himself and, satisfied that everything was perfect, he picked up his suit cases and headed for the car.

As he opened the trunk of the Chrysler he took out a large black suitcase. He placed the other two bags inside and slammed the lid shut. He slid the black bag onto the seat beside him.

A perfect day, he thought, as he headed toward the small apartment Jim and Dave lived in. Carl was mildly surprised at finding them both up and packed. "You guys never cease to amaze me," he said as he closed the door behind him.

Dave, who was just setting down a bag near the door, remarked, "I never went to bed so early before. I'll get the box and we can get under way."

He retrieved a small box from underneath one of the beds and placed it on the table. Carl opened it and drew out two large black automatics. Methodically, he disengaged the clip, tested the first shell in each to make cer-

tain they could be easily ejected, then replaced them. He handed a weapon to each of his accomplices, then withdrew a .38 from the box. He slipped it into an inside coat pocket after a fast check of the cylinder.

"Okay now. . . you know what to do, so let's go. You've got about forty minutes. That will give you enough time to gas your car so you won't have to be making any stops along the way." Outside, Carl stood at the curb and watched them as they drove off.

Carl himself headed downtown. He had more than an hour to kill, so he parked near the Trust Building, found a restaurant, and ate a huge breakfast.

Jim and Dave headed the ford into the money-section of town after gassing the car. They pulled up a hundred yards from the large house. There was little talk, and they were content to just sit there smoking, each somewhat nervous. This was to be their first experience with guns on a caper, but both were fairly sure that nothing was going to stop them from seeing the plan through to completion.

The green Chevvy soon pulled out from behind the house and headed down the street.

"Well, the plan is now in motion," Dave said as he glanced down at his watch. "Nine-fifty-five. The old man is about three minutes late today."

"Don't worry about it. He'll be there by ten-thirty," Jim offered.

They sat there. Dave kept peering at his watch. The time seemed to drag. At last the watch read 10:25.

"Okay," said Dave. "This is it. Time to get at it." He switched on the ignition and the Ford came to life. They drove the hundred yards, then swung onto the long drive leading up to the house. As he neared the rear of the building, they both mentally confirmed Carl's early statement that the Ford would not be seen from the street if it were parked in the rear.

"Let's go, Jim."

The two men climbed the back steps; then Jim pressed a gloved forefinger on the door bell. After the usual wait, the door swung open and a woman about fortyish appeared before them. Before she could open her mouth to speak, Jim said, "Good morning. Is your husband in?"

"No," she replied. "He's already left for the office."

"Godd," said Jim as he produced the black automatic. They forced their way into the house.

"Just be quiet and no one will get hurt," Jim assured her quietly.

"What do you want? We have very little money in the house and the jewelry I have isn't worth much. . . ." the woman gasped.

"We don't want your jewels and we don't want to hurt you. Your husband will telephone you shortly. You will answer the phone and tell him that we are here. He will do the rest. We will leave a short time afterward, and nobody will be harmed. Where are the children?"

"You're not going to harm my children?"

"No," reassured Dave. "In fact, there isn't any need for them to know but what we aren't friends of your husband. We'll be out of here before too long anyway, so don't tell them anything. Just call them down for breakfast and. . . oh yes; where's the maid?"

"She's at the market," the woman stammered nervously. "She. . . she usually doesn't get back until around noon."

The woman stepped to the hall and called the children from upstairs. They came down the stairs running, anxious to be done with the meal so they could go outside. They showed little surprise at the sight of Dave and Jim sitting in the kitchen.

"Hi," the little boy offered to Jim as he slid onto his chair at the table. "Do you work for my Dad?"

Dave smiled slightly. "Yes."

Dave glanced down at his watch. Ten-forty-five. Carl should be entering Golden's office now. His eyes fell on the phone in the hall. It should start ringing any time now, he thought.

Carl was just entering the office. He carried the black suitcase. Nodding to the armed guard who opened the door, Carl spoke softly: "Mr. Golden's office, please. I have an appointment."

The guard nodded pleasantly and led him inside. As the office door closed behind him, the secretary greeted him. "Good morning. . . Mr. Duncan?"

"Yes. I hope there will be no delay in seeing Mr. Golden. I have a very busy day ahead of me."

She nodded reassuringly and opened the inner office door. "Mr. Duncan to see, you, sir."

"Send him right in."

The secretary held the door as Carl moved toward the office. "Thank you," he murmured in his business voice.

Inside, he closed the door behind him, set the suitcase down, and chose a chair close to Golden's desk.

"Well now, Mr. Duncan. What can I do for you?"

"Actually it's not a question of what you can do for me; it's a case of what we can do for each other, Mr. Golden," Carl replied.

Golden's face reflected a momentary confusion, but he managed to cover it with a broad smile.

"Mr. Golden, your company makes up large payrolls for a number of companies throughout the city, and it's a well known fact that very large amounts of cash are kept here on the premises. That's why I've decided to do business with you."

"Yes, we keep considerable money on hand, Mr. Duncan, and I can assure you it is well guarded."

"I'm glad to hear that," Carl said, as he withdrew his .38 from the inside coat pocket.

Mr. Golden showed considerable discomfort at the sight of the snub-nosed revolver in Carl's hand.

"Now, Mr. Golden, you and I are going to the vault. We are going to fill this bag with cash. Then I am going to leave. Before we begin, however, I want you to phone your home. There are two of my men at your place this very minute. They are 'guests' of your wife and children at the moment. And unless you do exactly as I say, I fear you shall never again see them alive."

Golden sat stunned, hardly able to believe what he was hearing.

Carl went on. "There's no sense in being foolish about this thing. You'll lose nothing. Your money is insured. . . and I'm sure your wife and children mean more to you than a little money."

"May I phone now to see if they're all right?" Golden asked.

"Please do. As a matter of fact, they're waiting for your call."

Golden dialed. The phone buzzed twice before a voice broke in on the other end. Hello."

"Mary?"

"Yes."

"Are. . . are you all right?"

"Yes. Yes, but there are two. . . men here."

"I know. You do just what you're told, Mary, and everything will be all right. It'll all be over in a short time. Do you understand?"

"Yes," the voice answered, "I understand."

Golden replaced the phone and looked at Carl expectantly.

"Now, Mr. Golden, we'll go to the vault. You will carry the case. The office personnel

are used to seeing you go to the vault with customers, so they won't be suspicious. Just act your usual self and don't draw any unnecessary attention to us. Remember, your wife and children depend on how well this goes off. Let's go."

Golden nodded, picked up the bag and together they headed for the vault. Between the office and the vault, two tellers said good morning and went about their chores. The vault door was partly open. They entered and Carl pulled the door almost closed behind them. They entered and Carl pulled the door almost closed behind them. He motioned to a large safe in one corner of the vault. Golden went to it and after a few turns of the dial, the door swung open.

Carl opened the bag and began to pack the stacks of bills into it. Minutes later he closed the lid, snapped the locks and slid the two straps through the buckles.

"All right, Mr. Golden. Let's go back to your office."

Golden took the bag and they left the vault.

"Now, Mr. Golden, here are your final instructions." Carl looked up at the large wall clock. Eleven o'clock straight up. "I'm going to walk out of here with this bag. After fifteen minutes have elapsed, you are going to leave and drive home. Do not call the police or say anything to anybody before you reach home."

"I'll do as you say," Golden replied in a defeated tone.

Carl picked up the bag and walked into the outer office. At the outside door, the guard nodded pleasantly and Carl stepped out into the street.

Carl threw the bag into the car and drove off. But he didn't head for the north highway as planned. He nosed the car down side streets toward the highway headed southwest. On the outskirts of the city he came to a stop in front of a public pay phone booth and dialed Golden's home number. It was Golden's wife who again answered.

"Are there two men there?" Carl asked.

"Yes."

"Put one of them on the phone."

After a slight pause, Jim's voice broke through. "Hello."

"Okay," Carl said. "See you as planned." Then he hung up.

Jim turned to Mrs. Golden. "We are leaving now. Don't try to use your phone until your husband arrives home. He is on his way here now, but he is not yet out of danger."

Mrs. Golden nodded mutely.

They drove between 50 and 60 until late that afternoon when they pulled in for gas. Jim bought some ginger ale from a cooler inside the station and they continued on. It was dusk before they swung onto the country road leading to the cottage. Jim had been rather quiet during most of the trip.

Dave pulled the car to a halt in front of the house and the two men stepped out. Dave walked ahead of Jim, and as they reached the front door, Dave inserted his key in the lock.

"You know, Dave, there might not be enough dough to go around if anything went wrong today."

"What could go wrong?" Dave answered testily.

"Oh, I guess a lot of things could have gone wrong."

"Ah, stop worrying. There'll be more than enough to go around." He turned to face Jim as he spoke. Jim stood behind him with the black automatic in his hand."

"I'm going to make sure there's enough," Jim growled and pulled the trigger. A streak of flame spewed from the barrel and Dave clutched at his chest, an expression of shocked disbelief on his face. He opened his mouth to speak but no words left his lips. He collapsed at Jim's feet.

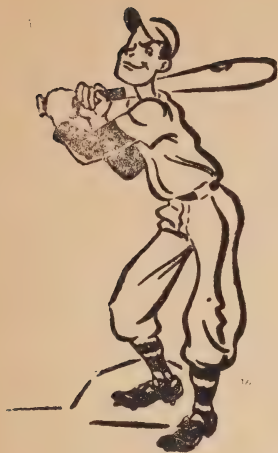
Jim dragged the body to a dense clump of bushes behind the house, took the gun from the corpse's coat, and entered the house.

Just one more, he thought, as he opened a cold can of beer. One more and it'll all be mine. He sat in a chair and took a long pull on the beer. What if Carl had trouble, he thought. He set the beer down and stepped to the radio. He picked up the aerial wire, opened the window and groped outside for the other wire. His hand touched it and he swung it inside where he could see it. The bare copper end shone from the light and Jim opened the clamp of the radio and let it close on the bare copper. Jim's body crashed against the wall, the roof came crushing down on top of the already lifeless form.

Carl was still heading southwest. There was a slight fog now, and some signs of rain. Carl didn't worry too much about this. He had been listening to the radio and the police were searching the city for the robbers.

The rain began to fall steadily, increasing as the miles passed beneath the car. The speedometer rose steadily to 70. . . 80. . . 85. He held the big Chrysler at 85 and continued through the black rain-drenched night.

Carl had become almost hypnotized by the monotonous swishing of the windshield wipers but he was snapped upright in his seat as the



SPEAKING of SPORTS

with Rick Windsor

BASEBALL THE AMERICAN LEAGUE

First Game (May 25):

This contest featured the Indians and the Red Sox in a very close clash, and the final score came out in favour of the redskins. They copped the winning laurels to the tune of 5-3. Roy Giroux pitched a fine game for the Red Sox only to have his team commit four errors that proved instrumental in handing the game to the Indians.

Roy gave up seven hits as did Indian pitcher Palmer. Kightley played an exceptional game in the field and made some outstanding catches to the pleasure of the spectators.

Final score: For the Indians; 5 runs, 7 hits, 1 error.

For the Red Sox: 3 runs, 7 hits, 4 errors.
The box score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
Indians	0	0	0	0	0	4	1	5	7	1
Red Sox	1	0	0	2	0	0	0	3	7	4

Winning pitcher: Palmer

Losing pitcher: Giroux

Second Game (May 25th):

This donnybrook saw the Yankees and the Indians slug it out, and when the dust had settled the Yanks emerged on top via a 16-11 scoring. Starring in this affair were Steve Cuneo, who collected three hits in three trips to the plate. Steve scored on three occasions and drove in a trio of runs. He played errorless ball and was a general sparkplug for the team, and, in a phrase, was instrumental in winning the decision for his club.

Ed Haska also played an outstanding game and this guy is getting better every time out.

He has a fine arm and threw strike after strike to the sacks when the opposing runners tried to swipe extra ones.

Little Don Geauvreau played nicely on the infield and came up with the first unassisted double play of the season. He has been playing fine ball and with a little more work Don will be threatening to take the most valuable player for the American League. The box score of the game:

	1	2	3	4	5	R	H	E
Indians	1	3	2	1	4	11	9	7
Yanks	2	0	5	7	2	16	7	6

Winning pitcher: Geauvreau

Losing pitcher: Palmer

First Game (Sunday P.M., May 26th):

Once again the Indians and the Yankees met on the field of combat and the Indians wound up edging the Yanks from the scene by the score of 6-5. This was one of the better games the American Loop has produced so far this young season. Both teams fought hard and it was tough that one of them had to be the loser. Each pitcher gave up a total of ten hits, but the Yanks committed three boo-boos as compared to the one chalked up against the redskins, and thus the game was run.

Johnny Fox, National League Commissioner, umpired this contest and kept it under control. He had the ball players hustling on and off the field at all times and the old man is dispatching his duties with utmost competence (wow! dig them fawney words, Jawn!).

The stars of the game went to Palmer, who gave up ten hits and three walks. He fielded well at all times — and this guy is turning into quite a pitcher. Star number two went unqualifiedly to Johnston who had a pair of

homers in two trips to the dish, and who also caught a good game for Palmer.

The third star of the game went to Fournel who played exceptional ball throughout the contest on the infield and made several over-the-shoulder catches in the outfield for put-outs that were labeled base hits. The box score of the game went like this:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
Indians	1	3	2	0	0	0	0	6	10	1
Yankees	0	0	0	3	0	2	0	5	10	3

Winning pitcher: Palmer

Losing pitcher: Hill

Second Game (May 26th):

While the Tigers were the victors in this one it was a real fine game and both clubs worked hard until the final strike of this 10-7 contest. Many sparkling players were executed on both sides, and the stars of the game were hard to choose. However, the selection was narrowed down until it looked like this: StSar number one went to Bill Suave who pitched a stellar game for seven frames and held the powerful battery of Red Sox hitters to seven hits. Star number two went to Don Hurst who homered to give his team the lead. He played a fine game also at first base, and made some great fielding plays to save the game the second victory for the Tigers. The third choice of the contest stars went to Sammy McLaughlin, catcher for the Red Sox. Sammy played well and threw several men out trying to swipe extra sacks on him. He had a pair of hits in two treks to the plate, and was instrumental in keeping his team a little closer to the victorious Tigers. The game, which ended in a Tigers 10 — Red Sox 7, finish, went like this:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
Tigers	6	0	4	0	0	0	0	10	4	5
Red Sox	0	0	3	2	0	0	2	7	7	6

Winning pitcher: Suave

Losing pitcher: Gireaux

THE NATIONAL LEAGUE

First Game (Saturday, May 25th):

The first contest of this weekend series saw the Pirates and the Cubs go at it hot and heavy. In the final round, the Pirates had slaughtered the hapless Cubs to the thrashing tune of a 13-3 scoring. The Buccaneers out-hit, out-slugged, out-played and out-hustled the hapless Cubs in every department. The box score of the game:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
Pirates	2	0	1	5	1	1	3	13	10	2
Cubs	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	3	5	5

Winning pitcher: Crowe

Losing pitcher: Green

Second Game (Saturday, May 25th):

The second contest of the afternoon saw the Braves and the Dodgers clash head-on, much to the chagrin of the Braves, who lost this tussle by a blistering 10-0 score. Gerry Bell stayed in command with every pitch. He was great in the clutch, and his fast ball was really hopping. Gerry gave up three hits in seven innings and the Braves' bats were held quiet for the first time this young season. The stars in the game went to Gerry Bell for his pitching performance and to "Pinky" Borowski for his hustle and effort throughout the entire seven frames. The box score of the game went like this:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
Dodgers	3	0	0	3	4	0	0	10	7	3
Braves	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	9

Winning pitcher: Gerry Bell

Losing pitcher: Ray Lepine

First Game (Sunday P.M., May 26th):

This contest between the Cubs and Dodgers was undoubtedly one of the better games we've had here at The Bay. Both pitchers were superb and the total number of hits in the game were held down to six. Gerry Bell gave up four hits and wee Eddie Green mastered a two-hitter. The only gun in the line-up for the Dodgers was Big John Rodgers who not only collected a pair of hits, but played an outstanding game in the field. We all know that the big fellow is a real hustler, but this game made him stand out from the rest of the participants on either side of the fence. The second star of the game went to Eddie Green who pitched great ball and the third and final star went to Gerry Bell for his fine performance of the pitching chores for his team. Although there was no star for this little guy, this writer thinks "Pete" Peters played well at second base. "Pete" hustled for the whole game and made some sparkling plays in the field. He holds his own at bat and in this game was one for two at the plate, with a walk thrown in. Nice game, Pete, and it's about time you made the big league loop.

The box score of the game:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
Cubs	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	4	4	4
Dodgers	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	2	2	6

Winning pitcher: Ed Green

Losing pitcher: Gerry Bell

The Sunday morning games were cancelled due to the downpour we had on Saturday evening. The field was left very muddy — and thanks to the efforts of a pair of our popular pals, we had the ball diamond in shape and ready to go by Sunday afternoon. The first game saw the Pirates swamp the Braves 3-1. Another pitching duel was the highlight of the game, and Colin Crowe, Pirate hurler, gave up but four hits in defeating the opposing pitcher, Ray Lepine. Ray gave up six hits. Everyone on both sides played good ball and made some good plays out on the field.

Each pitcher deserved to win, but the game had to end in a victory for somebody — it was that kind of ball being played out there — and the laurels went to the Pirates. The stars of the game went to Donnie McLean who played a really heads-up game out on the field, as well as grabbing off a pair of doubles in three trips to the plate. Ted Menard also collected a double. For the Braves it was Gordy Allison and Ed Roach with a double each and Johnny Weir who collected a pair of singles in two trips.

The box score of the game:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
Pirates	1	0	0	1	1	0	0	3	5	2
Braves	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	2

Winning pitcher: Colin Crowe

Losing pitcher: Ray Lepine

The second contest of the day saw the Dodgers nip the Cubs by a score of 6-5. This was a great game from start to finish, and both sides played a powerful lot of ball.

Both Bell and Green pitched outstanding ball, and the difference was at home plate when the Cubs had the tying run called out at the plate on an attempted steal. The stars of the game went to Podge Rodge again, and this time the guy played another of his fine games. Stretching at first base for many a low throw, and making heads-up plays throughout the entire contest, he covered relays in all fields and if ball players want to know what the word, "hustle" means on the ball playing field, they would do well to watch the Big John Rodgers in action.

The second star of the game went to Gerry Bell who had three hits in four trips to the plate, and drove in a pair of runs, as did the Rodge-Podge; and the third star went to "Maggie" McGregor who played another fine game for the Cubs. Maggie is off to a flying start this year, and threatens to walk away with the batting title unless some of the hurlers hereabouts can get to his weakness.

The box score of the game:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
Dodgers	0	5	1	0	0	0	0	6	8	4
Cubs	0	0	0	5	0	0	0	5	9	2

Winning pitcher: Gerry Bell

Losing pitcher: Eddie Green

THE NATIONAL LEAGUE

Back on the National circuit for the weekend of June 8th and 9th, we saw some good, sound baseball played. Saturday afternoon in the first contest, it was the Yankees visiting the Red Sox park. The Yanks outthit the home team as well as outscored them. When it was all over, the Yanks had copped it 13-8. Karns, the Yankee hurler, pitched clutch ball and went the seven innings, giving up eight scattered hits, and striking out nine batters.

Don Antone was charged with the loss on his initial appearance since he joined the Red Sox in the American League.

The three stars for this contest went to Don Geauvreau for his fine performance on the field as well as at the plate, where he had three for four, driving three runs homeward, and scoring a pair. The second star of the game went to Burchall for his errorless performance on second base, and for smashing out a pair of singles in his three trips to the dish. The third and final star of the game went to Karns, the winning hurler. Making his debut in a rookie year here at The Bay, this young lad is getting tougher with each game and threatens to run away with the Rookie Award for the League.

The box score of the game went like this:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
Yankees	4	0	3	1	2	1	2	13	8	2
Red Sox	4	1	0	0	0	1	2	8	6	12

Second Game (June 8th):

This contest saw the Yankees move out in front in the American League Race with a five point spread over the second place Red Sox. The Yankees went to work quite swiftly, scoring six times in the initial frame and were in

no trouble. The club played heads-up ball; made but two boo-boos, and collected a total of nine hits in the old clutch to romp home with a very secure 11-3 win. Once again Donnie Geauvreau was the number one star of the game, having a field day at bat and playing errorless ball at the third sack.

The second star of the game went to the winning hurler Kenny Hill who allowed the toothless Tigers but five hits and a mere three runs. Kenny is just a little guy, but he has a big heart and he showed it when he needed the big out in any inning. Bill Suave, the losing pitcher, tossed a good game, but the team behind him made five boots and this was a hand in giving the Yanks a couple of unearned runs. He worked real hard out there on the mound and appears that he will get tougher as the season progresses.

The box score of the game:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
Tigers	1	0	0	1	1	0	0	3	5	5
Yankees	6	1	0	4	0	0	0	11	9	2

Sunday, June 9th, A.M., Red Sox 4, Indians 3:

The Red Sox maintained their hold on the second spot in this contest by squeezing out a four to three victory over the Indians. Behind the superb pitching of Jimmy Leslie, the Red Sox scored twice in the second frame and twice more in the third. Ancient Jim settled down with his 4-1 lead and pitched great ball the rest of the contest to pick up his second successive win in three starts. Jim earned the second star of the game and it was only duem- to the terrific show by Atkins that he was number two man in the awards line-up. Atkins played a sensational game in the outfield chores department, hauling down drive after drive that were labeled home runs and triples. This guy is certainly a pleasant surprise and promises to capture the Most Valuable Play award for his league if he continues to work as hard as he has in the past few contests. Number three star went to Walloping Willie Huddlestone of the Indians. Although he was on the losing team, Willie played a fine game at third and hustled throughout the entire game. He is three for three at the plate at this writing, having collected a pair of singles and a double. Willie recently came out of retirement to try and give a hand to the redskins, and he is doing a great job.

The box scores of the game were:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
Red Sox	0	2	2	0	0	0	0	4	8	1
Indians	1	0	0	0	0	1	1	3	8	3

June 9th, P.M., Yanks 9, Tigers 5:

As the Yanks took the field, the stands grew boisterous with anticipation of this contest. The Yanks took the field with sheer determination and confidence and when the final curtain was rung down on this session, they emerged the winners. They had to overcome a five-run deficit and did it in the fifth frame while adding single attlies in the sixth and seventh innings to win. Geauvreau was the starter but had to be relieved in the fourth stanza when Cardinal took over the pitching duties, and thus picked up his win in the relief role.

The stars of the game went to Steve Cuneo, who played a good game at second base. Steve scored three times, and played flawless ball. He was the one responsible for the start of the rally that led his team from behind and on to victory. Art Lowery was the winner of the second star of the game award. Art played like a real pro. He collected a pair of doubles in three voyages to the plate, and made some spectacular catches in center field. The third star of the game went to Don Geauvreau again, who struck out eight men in the four innings he worked, and relieved Johnston behind the plate in the fifth frame. The game was a fine one to watch and as a result of this win, the Yanks maintained their lead in first place position.

The box score of the game was:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
Yankees	1	1	1	0	4	1	1	9	9	1
Tigers	1	0	3	1	0	0	0	5	6	6

Second Game (June 9th, P.M.):

This game was a thriller from start to finish and it ended in a 3-3 tie. Both teams played smart ball and the game was so close and tight they had time for only five innings. Palmer and J. MacDonald hooked up in a real pitchers' battle and they gave up ten hits between them; both deserving to win. As it was, it was better that neither one was charged with the loss. The number one star of the game went unanimously to Jackie MacDonald who played a great game and came up with an unassisted double-play to save the game for his team. The second star of the game went to Big Jon McKay, who had himself a field day out in left field position. John robbed everybody of base hits and proved to all the spectators that hustle is indeed ninety-percent of the game. He made four sparkling catches to rob men of home runs and certainly looked

good out there in the field. The number three star went to Donnie Campbell. Don, making his initial appearance of the year repeated the performance of John McKay. He too made four great catches and was a spark plug for his team. The box score of the game went like this:

	1	2	3	4	5	R	H	E
Indians	1	0	1	1	0	3	4	3
Red Sox	0	1	1	0	1	3	6	1

With these games, the American League is having suite a season and it will be a real battle, as things stand now, for all the honors as the season gets a little older. The way everybody in this league is hustling and trying, they are bound to get better and thus make the race that much closer come the time for the playoffs.

Now let's jump back to the National League for the latest happenings in that department. June 8th, P.M. (first game) Cubs 5, Dodgers 3

This was an outstanding performance from start to finish, and it saw the old veteran Jimmy Hale make his debut in the National League. It was a duo of errors that blew the ballgame for Jimmy, who tossed a brilliant two-hitter at the opposing Cubs. After the two errors had been perpetrated in the fifth stanza, which allowed the two runners to reach base, "Maggie" McGregor hit a three-run homer to put the Cubs out in front for the rest of the session. The Dodgers added single tallies in the sixth and seventh frames, but the Cub pitcher, Eddie Green, bore down and finished the game in grand style. He gave up just five singles in the entire contest, and worked very hard throughout. Both pitchers were brilliant and each man was awarded a star for his performance. The third star of the game went to Kenny Bell, who made a good showing on the initial sack.

The box score of the game went like this:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
Dodgers	1	0	0	0	0	1	1	3	5	2
Cubs	0	0	0	2	3	0	0	5	2	0

Winning pitcher: Green

Losing pitcher: Hale

Second Game (June 8th), Braves 7, Pirates 0:

This contest saw the Braves clobber the Pirates 7-0, behind the superb pitching of Raymond Lepine who gave up only five measly scattered singles during the entire course of this slaughter. Colin Crowe, hurler for the Pirates, gave up just seven hits, but they were put together in the clutch and aided by a pair

of errors to account for the seven runs. Ray Lepine starred in this contest and Johnny Weir proved to be the big gun, getting a pair of doubles in three trips to the plate. This guy is in his first year at The Bay and he is a sure bet to be in the running for the Rookie of the Year Award. The third star of the game went to Saunders at third base for the Pirate team. He collected a pair of hits in three trips and was a general sparkplug on the field.

The box score was:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
Braves	2	0	0	3	2	0	0	7	8	0
Pirates	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	2

Sunday A.M., June 9th, Cubs 3 Pirates 1

This was a fast-played game and both clubs played heads-up ball. The Cubs picked up a pair of runs in the first frame and held the Pirates scoreless until the bottom of the third when they picked up a single tally to move within one run of the Cubs. For the next two innings the teams failed to score, and in the top of the sixth, the Cubs chalked up an insurance marker.

Eddy Green pitched 6-hit ball, and looked better out there than he has on any of his previous showings hereabouts. Slim O'Brien played a fine game for the Cubs, driving in two of the three runs and collecting a single and a double in four trips to the plate. "Jolting Joe" Heisel played a good game in the center field spot, and he most assuredly is one of the better plays in the National League. After shuffling back and forth from the minors to the majors, Joe now appears to be in the National League slot to stay.

The box score of the game went like this:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
Cubs	2	0	0	0	0	1	0	3	10	1
Pirates	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	6	1

Winning pitcher: Ed Green

Losing pitcher: Colin Crowe

Sunday, June 9th, P.M.

All-Stars 12, Peterboro 5:

As this was our first All-Star game of the season of '57, the local All-Star aggregation didn't look too sharp in the opening frame of this contest. The Stars committed an error, allowing two unearned runs, thereby giving the visiting Peterboro aggregation a two-run lead.

The All-Stars went to bat in their half of the initial frame and gathered three runs on three hits and an error. After the boot in the first frame by the Sinners, they settled down

and played errorless ball, seeming to score at random.

All the Stars played well during this game, and the player of the day as far as this writer is concerned, was none other than Hodge Podge Rogers. Big John played one of his finest games for the Sinners. All but two of the opposition's batters were left-handed hitters and John, being first-baseman for the Sinners, had fourteen chances with no errors. He back-handed one terrific line drive and scooped another bullet-like drive inside the bag at first.

Donny McLean had a good day at the plate, collecting four hits in five trips, driving in one of the twelve runs scored in this game. Gerry Bell was three for four, driving in a pair. Ray Lepine, the winning pitcher, held the visitors to six hits until he was relieved by Gerry Bell, who gave up a pair of hits in the innings he worked. Killen starred for the visitors, going two for four and driving in three of his team's five runs.

The box score of the game went like this:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
Peterboro	2	1	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	5	8	5
Sinners	3	5	0	0	3	0	1	0	0	12	16	1
Winning pitcher:	Ray Lepine											
Losing pitcher:	Jim Smith											

First Game (June 15th): Cubs 6, Braves 5

This was indeed a close one right down to the wire as the result of the final score tally shows. The Cubs had a 4-run lead in the third inning, and the Braves came up with three in the bottom of the third. The Cubs scored single attlies in the fourth and fifth frames, and the Braves came up with a pair in the fifth inning to draw within one run and this was the way the game ended.

Runs batted in were credited to Semenick, Peters and O'Brien, with yours truly driving in a pair — all for the Cubs.

For the Braves it was Roach and Weir with a pair of RBI's and Ray Lepine, the losing hurler, with a single tally. There were no stars picked for this game, and the box score went like this:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
Cubs	0	0	4	1	1	0	0	6	12	1
Braves	0	0	3	0	2	0	0	5	7	1
Winning pitcher:	Ed Green									
Losing pitcher:	Ray Lepine									

The second game of the day saw the Pirates edge out the Dodgers in a real thriller, 3-2. The Pirates scored single markers in the first,

third, and fourth innings to take a 3-0 lead until the seventh and final inning when the Dodgers came up with a two-run rally with 2 outs. Then with the winning run on second base, the Dodgers sent pinch-hitter Norm Priestly to the plate. Norm flied out to end the game, a real thriller from start to finish.

The stars of the game went to Don McLean, the second-baseman for the Pirate aggregation, who played errorless ball as well as collecting a pair of hits in four trips to the plate. Frank Brewer played his usual fine game and had two hits, including a home run, for three trips to the batter's box.

For the Dodgers it was Rudy Drisdelle who drove in the two Dodger runs, and played a good game in the left-field section on his initial appearance for the Dodger club.

John Rodgers played his usual fine game and was all over the field making relay plays look like just routine business. The box score of the game went like this:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
Dodgers	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	2	2
Pirates	1	0	0	1	0	1	0	3	7	2
Winning pitcher:	Crowe (2-hitter)									
Losing pitcher:	Jimmy Hale									

June 16th, Sunday A.M., Cubs 4, Pirates 9

Well, you can talk of good games and you can praise the bad ones, but this contest really created a bad odor. The Cubs just didn't have it for this game and the Pirates were running around the bases while the Cubs stood and laughed at the errors they were making. Everything seemed to be funny that the team looked very bad in almost every play.

Manager Miles Simpson promises to make a few changes in the line-up and shake up the players as well. This guy has the right spirit and the know-how to manage a ball club, but Simp is a little on the quiet side. He will, however, make a few changes unless the club makes like the team that was supposed to run away with the league.

The Pirates, on the other hand, played errorless ball, and nothing can be taken away from them. They collected ten hits off Eddie Green, the hurler for the Cubs, and were assisted by eight — that's like *eight*, man — for their nine runs.

The stars of the contest were Big Ted Menard who had a pair of doubles in four trips to the plate and drove in three of the nine runs. The second star of the game went to hard working Bob McLaughlin. Although Bob went hitless in two trips, he played fine ball none-

theless out on the field. George Bedard finally came out of his slump and grabbed a pair of singles in three trips. The box score of the game went like this:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
Cubs	0	2	0	0	2	0	0	4	7	8
Pirates	0	1	7	0	1	0	0	9	10	0
Winning pitcher: Colin Crowe										
Losing pitcher: Ed Green										

The afternoon game saw the team from Peterborough arrive here at The Bay with nine players that were alleged to be quite a threat to the Sinners and Manager Al Corrie.

The game got off to its usual start with the Siners showing some shakiness in the first frame. The Peterborough AllStar team got three unearned runs in that frame on a hit and a pair of errors. The Sinners came roaring back for a pair of runs in their half of the first, and from that point on, it was no contest. The Sinners clobbered the left-handed offerings of Sweeting for the rest of the contest, and in the seventh frame, Sinners Manager Corrie threw in the subs and let them take over. The visitors scored a few runs in the late stages of the game, but the Sinners were in no trouble after the wild and wooly fifth inning when they scored six times.

Hickman and yours truly scored via the homer route for the Sinners, and the rest of the team collected hits galore. Only two regulars failed to hit for the Sinners. The stars of the game were left untouched as the whole team played fine ball. But the one play that broke the back of the visitors was the one made by Frank Brewer in right field. Frank made a tremendous catch in short right field after running a country mile, and threw back to first base to double up the runner. A fine ovation was given to Donney by the whole team and the stands on both sides of the ball park. The box score of this game was:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
Peterborough	3	0	2	0	0	0	0	2	1	1	9	10
Sinners	2	2	3	1	6	2	0	1	x	17	18	4
Winning pitcher: Gerry Bell												
Losing pitcher: Sweeting												

The umpires in this game did a fine job and so have the umpires in both leagues. They have been giving their best out there at all times and we are looking forward to some more of the same as the season progresses. Until the next issue, this is the Rick signing off with the thought that the game should be played for the game's sake only.

All the large cities have thousands of policemen to guard against the commission of crime, but how many parole officers do those same cities have to guide and rehabilitate those who are in the potential criminal class? The value of any parole system lies in the personal supervision given to the individual by trained and understanding people. To the extent that we fall short in supplying such supervision, we are missing our opportunity to make life and property more secure.

—Chief Justice Earl Warren

AND THEN THERE WERE NONE

Continued from page 16

rear of a large trailer truck loomed up at him. He swung the car hard to the left, missing the truck by scant inches. The car skidded, spinning crazily first in one direction, then the other. He knew that to touch the brake would mean to invite death, so he fought the wheel. Fish-tailing for more than two hundred yards down the highway, the car sheered off a power pole and crumpled noisily into a ditch. Carl wasn't shaken up too badly. He tried to start the car again but it was no use. There was only one thing to do. Take the money and get a ride. He clutched the bag

on the floor beside him and opened the door. He stepped into the rain and climbed the embankment up to the highway. In the darkness he failed to see the broken power line that lay snake-like in the tall, wet grass. It hung at a crazy slant from the broken power pole. His contorted into an expression of pained horror as he tried to scream, but the noise was drowned out by a deafening thunderclap. The power from the wire slammed Carl's body hard against the ground, leaving him dead along the roadside.

Gradually the storm died.

Reelin' & Dealin'

with Bill & Rick

This month of June is a lowly month... a real dog for us who live on this side of the garden wall. We all got the blues now that the nice weather is here again and the guys look wistfully for their lil' ol' ducats more than ever (and we don't mean canteen ducats!).

Speaking of leaving, there has been the STOBBOY and ROCKY and the BOO HOO. All left last month for greener pastures, accompanied by BOB WILLISIE, FAT JACK THE BARBER, and a few more whose name escapes us at the moment. Oh, well, blame it on the humidity. Anyway, take it nice and easy out there, you guys, and make certain you don't have to return to these here confines...or any other reasonable or unreasonable facsimiles. Man, these jailaroonies are moider!

THE VIRG is 100% and nice going, you redhead paragon of virtue, you! Old St. Louis' Sporting News is giving the Dodger Bumaroonies a rough way to go and we hope the next issue finds them on top of the heap once more.

And the TAXI spent his birthday with a two-spider special and had to blow the works the day it came into blossom. Oh, well... seems the guy ain't too worried about the loss, but he'd like to retrieve the two spiders before they drown!

This issue also brings the CABIN BOY back into the spotlight with a couple of real interesting stories. How dense can you get? First of all, he went and got a cup and saucer and was on his way to deliver it when he was stopped in the nick of time. Then, of all things, he was sent to get a can of HARD FLOUR to make a cake. So off he went and, after searching hither, thither and yon for this ingredient, he finally gave up the search. Then one of his co-workers got a pan of white flour and told him, 'This is hard flour, man...and this is soft.' And with that, the CABIN BOY said he knew what to look for in the future...Heh, heh, heh...

Peachy Billy says his resistance is low and for us not to take advantage of the situation. Just can't help it, SMILEY. You are rather shaky at times, you know...

THE SENATOR is as sneaky as ever and it's lucky for us all that he sees all and knows all but says nothing. Very lucky old man...

And the BE-BOP-A-ROONIE MOE sure is shaking it rough since his two cronies OPEY AND THE J.J. JIM-JIM departed the scene. And the BROWNIE is still blowing his cranial moss and the two characters who make sure he doesn't forge are NEAL and THE WEASEL...

And the new moosic we recently received for the radio room is the coolest, man! Well, like it's freezing like and below zero-ish. The Bostic and the Artie Shaw and the new discaroonie by the Dinah Weaz.

And the SHEENIE never had it so good. The guy is eating like a king since MISTER STRAIGHTGUT left him alone. The guy is having a real ball, FRED, and you should see the tummy he's getting to own. Almost as bad as your's!

CHISEL CHIN threatened our little(?) BUBBLES MAXIE last week but he didn't scare the look of Max's. Chisel wore a zipper for the second game and he batted a thousand for the game. Maybe you should wear it all the time, old man...

Big Bulging JOHNNY RICE now goes 237 pounds. You never had it so well, old man, and we might add you look superb with your little old sun cheaters on. VINCE, alias THE CROW, was telling us you wear 'em to cover up the bags under the bags under your eyes like...

Hi, SHADOW! Thanks for your latest billet doux and we hope you'll give us the benefit of your criticism with this effort, too. It's not that I'm sad-looking because I'm bored...it's just that I'm trying to figure out who and where you are. Mutht you be tho mythteriouth?...

And can you imagine the FISHHOOK being wired to the 78's by the Lady Day? You never heard nothing but hayshakers till you emmigrated to this civilized part of the country... And the JAKE and the VIRG having a tete a tete at the 300 Club... To coin the old adage, that's livin', man, that's livin'...

And how about the TAXI? I'm DREAZ, man...and the next day he was TEAZ, man. And the TONY in the next house said, 'Oh, you're just too piercin', fella.' Like you're loud 'n' long on the drums. Like we just don't dig you man, nohow...

Heads up, CY. C'mon home and behave yourself. You've been gone too long now and all is forgotten. Let's get on the ball...

And SA FABAM, SA FABAM. Nice going, you GERRY. You just got to pull it out, old man, and we're all with you. And for the J.B. Three yet. WOW! After just five little ones yet. What will it be after ten-ish?????

And RUTH and MUGGSIE and the girls over the road are welcome to every edition of the old Diamond in the Rough. Hope you received last month's issue okay. Would make us sick if you missed...

Still with us: FREDDIE, alias the BREAKS OF A HUSTLER. Bernie looking over your shoulder while you fill her in on all the scandal? And the MURPH? The roughest road to hoe is yet to come. Seems the kid might have lost his mind...

Has JOE HOUSKA finally regained his senses? Several weeks ago he cancelled a gentleman's wager with one of yours trulies that Milwaukee would win the old pennant. He knows the DODGERS are a cinch... Seems the SCHNOZZ is getting his great big feet on better and firmer ground now.

BE-BOP-A-LULU KING says that Cincinnati will be up there in first posish for the rest of the season. Nice of 'em to share first place, eh, BE-BOP??...

WAHOO, YAHOO, YIPPEE, WAHOO and MINNIE HAW HAW. Hi, JOE! Not hot, are you? Old friend of the Barber Shoppe. What are you snickering about, ROCK? We saw you and the MIKE at the POP SHACK last weekend and you two are really livin' it up these days...

THE VINCE, alias THE CROW is comfortable; never so lush, eh, man? And with all that mouldy money he's got salted away, he wouldn't even chip in for a couple of records for the radio room. The guy has so much scratch he's itchy. And it's all just layin' there in the ground decaying. It might disintegrate waiting for you, man... like disappear-like. Real gone-ish...

The NOD donned the horn-rimmed specs last week to get a few practice shots in. What a character, man. Your way is our way and I'm speaking for the whole staffaroonie...

The nastiest rumor of the year at the RICK'S expense. Seems the kid was supposed to have made a ticket-like and it was all on the old rib. Still there, man, and still '59-like.. That is like ten short, fella, and if you're a cube-like and real square then don't twist the brain 'cause you just don't dig me. Right, STOBBS? TACTLESS SAYS 'RIGHT!' So does WILLIE and THE NOD...

Pat on the back for the month goes to the KENNY BULLOCK. This guy is one of the finest here (And TACTLESS seconds the motion.) He does the ball sweaters all year and the uniforms for the players and breaks his back to keep the clothes real clean in the process. Very few thanks for the labors, too. Nice goin', KENNY... and we want you to know that while you may not be thanked directly, your job is certainly appreciated by the ball players and the staff...

And attention to BIG RON in the Dorm: Better get us a see-gar or the next issue will tell all. A real hot one, too, man. Like your old buddies might bare up the truth for a change and put you in the limelight. RODGE POGE getting shorter and shorter (six-bits-like) and missed the old buddies but the guy can't miss for the MVP award... at least not as far as these writers are concerned... And for WEE JOE SULLIVAN, we have been reliably informed that he now has the title of 'SCOUT'. Any connection with the LONE RANGER Joe?...

And the BOB DEAN is a cook yet... and at our expense! Ulp! How 'bout that? The monster on the Masons and the VI are waiting. Nice, eh, DON?

And it would seem that the old man at the office desk had threatened to fire the Reelin' & Dealin' pair unless they come up with some more scandal for the column... Promithes, promithes! That's all we ever get from that character with the outstanding tathte for muthic...

BIG STEW left the scene and is now gainfully employed with the masons.

Got to make a run to the shop and get some hot scandal from the pernt. (Get back to your typewriter, youse guys, or it's the lash!...Ed.

Ulp! Can't stop the news and sign off. The Ed threatens to can us both unless we give him at least another four pages of scoop and scandal, so here goes...

And we got to give it to you, RON (we're gettin' desperate!): We know you're in shape and are on a new case. Seems like you're trying to impress the guy with your managerial strategy, hmm?...

And the Kitchen Range is livin' it up with the new LP's. Have a ball, y'all, cuz time shakes easier that-a-way, and The TACTLESS ONE never stops singing your praises for favors rendered... Sez youse mugs is all wool and a yard wide... McRae wired up real strong to the Bill Doggett discs...

And the guy on the softball diamond in the National League better watch himself and the way he tries to hurt everyone he gets close to.

Someone might just turn around one of these days and lay out his foul ball...and we do mean foul... Word to the wise should be sufficient...

Barney proved to the press that he is every inch the gentleman. Not everybody would put himself out of a position to let the other guy learn a little. Nice going, grey one...

And the gent in the change room known as Chollie is doin' fine and says hi to CY and SAM... So does the MICKEY... ED TURNER is getting shorter and shorter and shorter (no relation to Gil Turner), and he wants Eddie Guiller to know that the six pieces can be done if you just set your mind to it and push a little and coast most of the time...

And from JOHN to FRANK goes the summer season's greetings, and he adds that you should hang on in there, man...

A great big southwestern HOWDY to short-timer Willie Menton across the way who sings his swan song any day now. The URQ sends his best, too. Also a pleasant nod to GUM-BOOTS from the TACTLESS TEXAN. The TEXICAN hopes all is well between you and Edie, Jimmy; hang in there and all will work out okay in the end...

Hello to Lawrence, Albert and George. Doing fine and hope you all are the same... And DOUGIE DUNN says he wants to be anonymous to all the readers. Seems the 20 x 12 made him a little restless... Who is the song, 'Beautiful Brown Eyes' for??? This guy hardly ever misses a request program...

And wha' happened to our old chumlet, THE RABBIT? He hasn't been in the headlines for quite a few moons now. Better get out in the earie and take a listen for the next issue...

We got our eye on the guy in the yard who is breaking the bottles. The guy made four perfect throws over the weekend and busted six bottles. That totals just about eighteen for the season thus far, doesn't it? At two cents a bottle, man, it'll make a hole in your paycheck if you slip and you're ever caught... WEE MILES SIMPSON made the nicest gesture of the season. This fine fellow offered to leave the potential championship club and go to the bottom team in an effort to balance out the league. Nice thought on his part, we think,

and we want the guy to know we all appreciate it... Nuff sed?...

LITTLE SAMMY in the Change Room says he's a decent little sort of fellow at heart and there is one guy who doesn't go along with it... Better watch your pace, little one and be careful where you tread...

BIG ARCHIE will be leaving us this month and we send our best along with him on departure. ARCH has always been a lot of laughs and the guy certainly will be missed in the local bistro...

Glommed the Miami paper the other day and saw where a new Caddy goes for more than 2200... nice price, eh, Willie? Think the SWAMPIE would go for it? And The MURPH will have to settle for a bicycle built for three... (yeh, but not for any 2200 skins, man!)...

And to LITTLE AUGER we send our regards and are happy to hear you are doing so well... Neal is still bugging us to get an LP by Jimmy Durante and Art Lowery wanted to know when the record that he ordered three years ago will be in. Next Wednesday, Artha, next Wednesday... But getting it played will be another problem... at least until The NOD departs the scene... hear he's been playin' the nod to you for the past trio of years on the situation. Whatta character, that NOD!

Just got the FISHHOOK in the door and he won't cop out to anything... except the fact that he's a physical wreck. How 'bout that, Ralphie?...

And in signing this little scandal sheet off for this session, we want to take a final opportunity to say goodbye to a fine fellow and a person who has given his all during his tenure here at The Bay. We're referring of course to Ralph Parks, alias 'THE NOD!' He leaves 'ere the August issue is out and we want to thank him for the way he handled the radio and for the encouragement he showed to all who accosted him on all subjects. He has been a positive asset to everyone and will certainly be missed. Good luck in all you do out there, THIN ONE, and remember the old CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP is best for energy. Almost as good as the raisins, man and we says adios, goombye, thirty, and going, going, going, GONE!

THE HARDIER BREED

In Washington, D.C., after a pedestrian was hit by a car and thrown over the hood onto the windshield, doctors pronounced him okay, but the car emerged with crumpled fenders and grill, a knocked-out headlight, torn hood ornament and a smashed windshield.



Radio Ramblings



Rick
Windsor

** ** *

Some notes and comments on the local radio scene

WOSC across the line in Oswego is the number-one station for us guys here at The Bay. We tune this Frank Dale in every morn and we listen till the guy leaves the scene at the noon hour. Very enlightening music, and we enjoy the Earl Bostic whenever he's aired. Sure miss the Tom Coulston and wish we could hear his voice again before too long. Take it easy in there, old man, and lots of luck in your new show. We've tried in vain to pick up your p.m. show, but thus far have failed to do so. Nice and easy like, and keep the records c-o-o-l.

And we dug The Hound the other night and this guy just amazes us with the way he can handle all that boppin' spiel — as well as the way he gets in the 'mood.' This guy has got to be fifty for low and he is still like the teenager.

And for the guys in T.O., from Joe the Smo we send regards to you from the show. Jim Dandy To The Rescue—Go, Jim Dandy! Go!

Like CKEY in Toronto, we go along with Ella as one of the greatest and don't feel too bad when the Leafs blow the odd game. Wouldn't be exactly fair if they went ahead and locked up the pennant in the first two months of the season, would it? Don't get so upset, Joe. We like the Leafs to win it all this year. Both the pennant and the little World Series.

And to CJBC and the gang, we send regards to let you know that the Jazz Unlimited Show is still our Saturday evening pleasure and the music is the greatest. Enjoy Byng Whittaker no end — and our local Radio Room would give up its left transformer and throw in a couple of slightly used condensers to be able to latch onto those numbers played on Byng's choice! And the tired old boy, Neil Leroy, is

the finest for the hit parade on Saturday at noon — even if he doesn't dig the moosic, we do enjoy the sense of humor. Uh-huh-huh, we're not shook up...

WBZ in Boston is still going strong with its Lush Tones and Songs for Young Lovers. This is the show of shows. We manage to tune you in on the odd night when the airways aren't too temperamental, Mister John Bassett, and that recording of "A Swinging Affair," Sinatra's latest LP waxing, is not in our collection here at The Bay — and what an addition it would make! We can never get enough good music hereabouts — music hath charm to soothe the savage breast, you know. We dig you the most, John Bassett, and continued success in the world of Disc Jockeyism...

Speaking of wax whirlers, Ralph Parks of CKCB here in Kingston is going to greener pastures as our next edition rolls around and we think this would be an opportune time to go on record to let everybody know about this guy and his taste in music. Ralph likes the finest as does the writer. And the finest include Artie Shaw, Earl Bostic, Sarah Vaughan and other of the same calibre.

Ralph has been a constant relief to the radio here on nights when little else but static and more static filled the airways, always managing to give us a couple of hours' entertainment without making the show lopsided. 'The Nod' will certainly be missed by all of us here, and we want to take time out right here and now to say goodbye and thanks for your efforts in our behalf.

That'll do it for the column for the month of July. See you in August — like at the same old vegetable stall.



THE TACTLESS TEXAN

Being an amused peruse of the news and other trivia.

Experiment Perilous: An Associated Press report tells of an interesting experiment about to get under way at Sing Sing Prison. On a voluntary basis, nine paroled men will be given tranquilizing pills while under parole supervision in order to find out whether such pills can help a guy tread the straight and virtuous byways. Doubtless the cooling caps will have the desired soothing affect on the new parolee as he enters the world of the living again, giving him a boost in self confidence and allaying magnified fears and negative inhibitions garnered over years of imprisonment. And the new parolee who intends to stagger back to his old devious ways is now afforded an iron-clad alibi as to what led him astray. We can hear him now. . .

"Well, yer honor, it wuz this-a-way; when I got sprung them people up there at Sing Sing give me a bunch o' them tranquilizin' pills an' . . ."

** ** *

The British Government has just released a new list of publications including such erudite gems as:

"Measurement of Small Holes" (translated from the Russian).

"Horseflies of The Ethiopian Region."

"Seats For Female Shop Assistants."

"Sex Life of The Elephant Seal."

We're going to manfully restrain the urge to comment upon the third and fourth volumes, and the second doesn't move us at all. But we have one question we'd like to ask concerning the first book. Is that measurement in calibre?

** ** *

Thought While Shaving: Wonder if the chronic fault-finders are called 'knockers' because they're such knuckleheads?

** ** *

Any time we brood over our sorry lot, it may

be well to recant the plight of one Jean Baptiste Mouron, a galley slave from Toulon, France, who served a full sentence of 100 years and a day. He was sentenced when he was 17 in 1684 for the crime of arson. When he was released from the slave galley he was 117 years old, and he lived for six years afterward.

All of which probably serves to prove one of several points at least. . . that imprisonment does have its preserving qualities (at least physically). But that's small consolation, especially when a guy's wearing down a 100-years-and-a-day bit. It's enough to make a Mouron of the best of us. (Ouch!)

** ** *

Item in the London Times: "The Clairvoyant Society will not have its usual meeting this week, due to unforeseen circumstances."

** ** *

Things that slacken prison's tedium: "Big Rog from M-O" and his infectious guffaws . . . The local airing of the latest batch of new LPs; nothing but great sounds. . . a la Ted Heath, Les Elgart, Pete Rugolo, *et. al.* . . . Witnessing the emphatic, impressive manner in which umpire McRae calls the plays . . . Hearing nothing but good things of former C.B. alumni. . .

** ** *

And one of our more phlegmatic contemporaries in the fettered field of neal journalism counsels its readers: "Settle Your Income Taxes Now!" Effusing admiration for this altruistic play on concern for reader welfare we must, however, pooh-pooh the intonation of urgency. No great rush. Probably the only advantage of being a bar-bound taxpayer is there is no risk of being jailed for tax delinquency or non-payment.

** ** *

Tools Of The Trade?: In El Reno, Oklahoma, the Federal Reformatory put up for sale 1,500 pounds of "scrap and salvage, consisting of hack-saw blades, files, and broken tools."

** ** **

Stranger Than Fiction:

Battered truth must often wear
A somewhat tired and haggard air,
In view of which, its seems a pity;
A lie can look so smooth and pretty.

** ** **

Kernels From The Corny Cornucopia: Two rabbits were being chased by a pack of foxes and being ready to drop from exhaustion, decided to trick the foxy pursuers by running into a culvert and out the other end. However, after entering the culvert, they found that the foxes were waiting, several at each end. Whereupon one rabbit turned to the other and said, "Well, I guess we'll just have to stay here until we can outnumber them."

Ode To 'The Shadow': This mag has a mission, and what is it, pray? . . . The clergyman claims 'tis to preach. . . 'Tis to sway minds, some others will say. . . And the student thinks 'tis to teach. . . The short-timer says 'tis to publish the styles. . . And employment and socials and pops. . . While the athletic gent just quietly smiles. . . As he reads the sport page and stops. . . Some guys like figures in their reading stuff. . . The farm boy wants the price of hogs. . . And some think that crime news is reading enough. . . Then wail that we've gone to the dogs. . . Some read the fillers and then they are through. . . Unless there's a column of jokes. . . And some of the oldsters like funny things too. . . And a sob story soothes all the soaks. . . Some readers like fiction of carnage and death. . . They want their stuff gruesome with gore. . . Others like poetry that fair takes the breath. . . If there's none in The Diamond, they're sore. . . Some like it heavy but some like it light. . . Some don't like delving in thought. . . Some want it frankly, tersely and bright. . . So they won't have to think as they ought

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MAN'S INFANCY

The only real threat to man is man himself . . . the difficulty man has with himself is that he cannot use his highly developed intellect effectively because of his neurotic fears, his prejudices, his fanaticisms, his unreasoning hates, and equally unreasoning devotions; in fact, his failure to reach emotional maturity.

. . . This mag has a mission, or rather a job
. . . 'Tis to humor each hobby and whim. . .
With news of variety, hot for the mob. . .
The same that cry 'Vilify him!' . . .

. . . Rick Windsor
Bill Huddlestone
The Tactless Texan
"The Forum"

** ** **

Statistics show that 10,000 people are killed by intoxicating liquor, where only one is killed by a mad dog. Yet we shoot the dog and license the liquor. . .

** ** **

A contemporary in the fettered field of penal persiflage proffers the profound pertinacious perspective: "It's not the ups and downs of prison life that bother the average inmate. It's the jerks."

** ** **

The Changing Sportsce: One famous school has announced that it is going to return to the two-platoon system in football next season. . . probably one team to play football and the other to attend class.

** ** **

Small wonder the guy who penned "*The Rubaiyat*" was known as Omar the Tent-maker. It would have taken a tent to put up his full name, which was: Ghiyathuddin Adul-fath Omar bin Ibrahim al Khayyami.

** ** **

Cherchez La Loot:

What makes a population upset a generation? Money!

What is the explanation for all the complication and so much agitation? Money!

Why all the conversation without no hesitation? Money!

Why all the legislation and all the litigation and so much aggravation? Money!

What gets the dispensation of all the fermentation? Money!

What causes degradation and then elimination. . . what digs your excavation?

Money!

** ** **

— G.B. Chisholm *Survey Graphic*

The Inside Story

News, views, and items of interest within the ken of an ever-broadening penological scheme.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS

Minn. Inmates Volunteer For Heart Operations

STILLWATER, MINN. . . . Men at the Stillwater Prison have volunteered to assist in heart operations at the University of Minnesota's Heart Hospital. The prisoners are now waiting acceptance by the hospital. The operation for which they have volunteered is one in which the donor's bloodstream is connected with that of a patient undergoing heart surgery. In that way, the donor's blood courses through the patient, keeping him alive while his heart is "shut off." The prisoners became aware of the need for donors through a column in the Minneapolis Tribune. According to that newspaper, there are hundreds of people requiring heart surgery but who have been unable to have it done because there are not enough volunteer donors to assist in the operations.

New Mexico Bill Recognizes Reform

ALBUQUERQUE, N.M. . . . A bill providing for the awarding of special deductions of time for prison inmates has been passed by the State Legislature and needs only the Governor's signature to become law. Meritorious deductions may be awarded under certain conditions, as interpreted by this provision in the law: ". . . Any convict confined in the penitentiary may be awarded an additional deduction of ten days good time per month based on exemplary conduct, outstanding work and continuing effort toward self-improvement and rehabilitation, upon recommendation of the classification committee and approval of the warden. Any convict assigned to the penitentiary honor farm will be awarded a deduction of twelve days meritorious time per month."

No Conference on Penal System Contemplated for Six Months

OTTAWA. . . . Justice Minister Garson declared recently that the federal government

will not have all the necessary information to convoke a Federal-Provincial conference to study recommendations made by the Fauteux Commission for another five or six months.

He declared, for the attention of J.M. MacDonald, Conservative member of Parliament for Toronto-Greenwood, that numerous statistics needed to be compiled before the Government could study the political decisions arising from the Commission's recommendations.

The Commission, presided over by Judge Gerald Fauteux of the Supreme Court of Canada, made a total of 44 recommendations last July, with the view of modifying the parole and penal system in Canada.

The government should know the dispositions of the provincial prisons and how many prisoners will be affected by the changes before making any decisions, the Justice Minister said.

Ohio Prisoners Undergo Third Cancer Implant

COLUMBUS, OHIO. . . . Fifty-three prisoners at the Ohio State Penitentiary were implanted with live cancer cells February 5th by cancer researchers from the Sloan-Kettering Institute of New York. The implants were the third in a series received by 11 of the prisoners, but the first to be observed by reporters, photographers, television and newsreel men. The implanted cells originated from human cancer patients.

The purpose of the study, begun in 1954 with terminal cancer patients, is to determine the mechanism of normal resistance to cancer. It was found that implants grew in 13 of 15 volunteer patients with far-advanced incurable cancer. But in healthy humans, beginning with some of the investigators who experimented on themselves, implants have never grown.

The first call for volunteers was made in May, 1956. The purpose and general plan of inoculation and biopsy were explained in an article in the O.P. News, the prison's paper,

by Dr. Richard Brooks, prison medical director. Fourteen volunteers were needed for the first phase; 96 men volunteered. Half came from families with histories of cancer. All age groups were represented. In the first phase of the study the prison volunteers were given subcutaneous inoculations with the same types of neoplastic cells used with the terminal patients. The cells were rejected in all 14 cases.

Commenting on the study which has drawn nationwide publicity and editorial commendation, the Sloan-Kettering scientists expressed "appreciation and admiration for these volunteers...who without expectation or possibility of personal gain, have made these studies possible."

Conjugal Visits in British Penitentiaries?

LONDON. . . A plan for women to spend weekends in jail with their husbands while the men are serving sentences is being canvassed in Britain. The idea comes from South America, where remarkable success is claimed in saving marriages that start heading for the rocks as soon as the husband is imprisoned.

The prisoner's wife is shown at weekends into a special room comfortably furnished similar to a hotel accommodation. And there the prisoner is waiting to begin a homey weekend in fireside comfort with his wife, without supervision and. . . behind bars.

A London vicar supports the plan. He thinks British wives should be allowed to live in, at weekends, with husbands serving long jail sentences. "Thousands of prisoners, away from their women, live a strange, dark world of fantasy," H.J. Klare, of the Howard League for Penal Reform, said. "However, the plan would be very difficult to put into operation," he added.

Writing Duo Sell To Radio Market

SAN QUENTIN, CALIF. . . Writing for publication has become one of the chief avocational activities of the men at San Quentin, with submissions ranging from full-length historical novels to hour-long television scripts. That material emanating from that institution is saleable and acceptable to the public pulse is evidenced by the successful sale of two plays by inmate authors. Both sales were made to the media that most completely covers public consumption. . . radio.

"A Case Of Identity," written by Elmer M.

Parsons, and "Door of Gold." by E. Scott Flohr, were both purchased by the Columbia Broadcasting System, and the institution's radio network aired the plays which were parts of a series of "Suspense" programs.

Only A Mother Would Do This

JACKSON, MICH. . . Rudolph Mayfield, 26, was ill in the prison hospital, suffering from hepatitis. His mother, in Detroit, was notified. What officials did not know was that Mayfield's mother was also ill and destitute. The 69-year old woman hitch-hiked and walked to the Jackson Prison to visit her son. She had no place to stay overnight and was permitted to use a lounge in the women-employees' quarters in the administration building.

But Mrs. Mayfield didn't have to undergo this hardship the second time she visited the prison on a journey of sorrow. Two inmate hospital workers, Henry Woolfolk and Freddy DeSonia, spark-plugged an emergency drive to help her. In less than an hour they had raised \$135 from fellow inmates. Even prison employees donated to the purse. Another prison employee drove Mrs. Mayfield back to Detroit. During her second visit to the prison, she saw her son for the last time. He died a half hour after she left.

Says Evidence Prisons Do Not Rehabilitate

MONTREAL . . . An Ontario penitentiary psychiatrist says, there is a "great deal of evidence" that prisons neither rehabilitate the criminal nor deter crime. "There is general agreement that our prison systems do not do that which they are purported to do," Dr. Maurice O'Connor of Kingston told Canada's first gathering of "correctionalists" . . . some 350 experts on the care and rehabilitation of offenders, here for the Congress of Corrections.

Speaking as a psychiatrist, Dr. O'Connor made many of his points by analyzing those outside prison, rather than the inmates themselves. Prisons exist because of the demands of society, he said. "We imprison him who does what we would not allow ourselves to do, but we feel guilty when he does it. We insist upon his removal, in part to allay our own guilt. Just as the gravedigger digs the grave, denying any anxiety toward death, so we protect ourselves from our own feelings by maintaining prisons. Imprisonment is said to be a deterrent to crime and a rehabilitative measure. There is no evidence that this is so.

There is a great deal of evidence that this is not so."

Some people, Dr. O'Connor said, felt disquiet about prisons, others felt prisoners should be treated as sick. "But most of us avoid the imprisoned and the prison. So, too, do we avoid the graveyard." Other speakers during the session talked about ways of helping offenders "go straight" when released.

E.V. Shiner of Windsor, an official of the John Howard Society, spoke of the need of helping the married prisoner preserve his family. "Family ties should be maintained throughout the correctional sequence," he said, "and a focal point at which great strain is placed on these family ties is in the sterile visiting facilities in most institutions." Mr. Shiner went on to say that prisons need to be "socialized, lightened, and enriched."

Another speaker, Dr. Claude Mailhiot of the Clinique d'Aide a l'Enfance in Montreal, turned to the family itself, awaiting the release of the young offender. Both must be "psychologically prepared", and Dr. Mailhiot suggested that institutions must help the family. . . as well as the offender. . . toward that end.

Portable Gallows Put To Much Better Use

NEW DELHI, INDIA. . . A portable gallows in New Delhi on which condemned men were hanged until 1915 has been turned into a children's swing. Iron chains which were used to shackle prisoners now provide the railing for a children's park. The gallows and chains were brought outside the walls of a jail by the prison staff to decorate the children's playground and garden.

Convict Sends Message In Ball

PHILADELPHIA, PA. . . An inmate at Eastern State Penitentiary used a rubber ball he threw over the wall to send a message to his 16-month-old son. Marie Ann Mazur, 11, found the ball. She read on it a message lettered in ink: "Please, sir or miss, if this ball gets over the wall will you please give this to my son, Jeffrey Curry, address 1700 West Master Street, and ask for Louise? Thank you very much." On a separate part of the surface was printed: "With all my love and kisses." The message came from Jeffrey Curry Sr., 21, serving a two-to-five year sentence for burglary.

Youthful Offender Increase Shown In Latest Report

LANSING, MICH. . . Local crime prevention programs were urged recently as the number of persons under twenty sent to state prisons reached 17.6 per cent of total commitments. The figures, disclosed by Corrections Department research, alarmed Robert H. Scott, director of youth division. He urged expansion of the Pioneer Readiness for Employment Program (PREP) now functioning in Mt. Clemens, where classes of probationers use the high school shops for job training.

Scott said crime among youth is spreading from the low-income families to those who are well-to-do. Latest figures for 1956 show that 30 per cent of all commitments to prison were under twenty-five, 17.6 per cent under twenty, and only 23 per cent over thirty-five.

"Crime is becoming less confined now to the other side of the tracks," he said.

LOCAL ITEMS OF INTEREST

Judges Tour The Bay

Five Justices from Ontario appeal courts paid a visit to Collin's Bay Penitentiary recently, for the purpose of viewing first-hand the inside of a penal institution. The jurists, Justices Laidlaw, F.G. McKay, H. Schraeder, John Ainsworth and C.E. Gibson, were accompanied on a tour of the institution by Protestant Chaplain Canon Minto Swan. It was the judges' first visit to a penitentiary, and their inquiries were for the most part confined to questions about inmate welfare. An example of the type questions asked by the visiting judges: "How does an inmate summon an officer should he become ill once he's locked in for the night?" The judges spent the better part of an afternoon viewing the cellblocks, shops, and the ball field.

Mr. V.C. Phalen

It is with regret that The C.B. Diamond reports the passing of a man who in years past was active in behalf of the men here at Collin's Bay. Mr. V.C. Phalen, former director of the Canadian branch of the International Labor Organization and for thirty years a director of the federal labor chapter in Ottawa, passed away last May. Mr. Phalen was a positive force behind the local vocational training picture, encouraging inmates to take advantage of their time spent here toward acquiring and furthering their trade training.

At a local ceremony during which fifty-five inmates were awarded diplomas for successfully completing their vocational training courses, Mr. Phalen once counseled, "The business of finding a job will be for you an individual matter. The more earnest you are at finding a job the more eager people will be to accommodate you." Mr. Phalen urged inmates to be patient and persistent when they entered once more into community life, stressing that they have "enough to give them full competence in a trade."

AA 'Vision' Group's 6th Anniversary Feted

Twenty-nine members of the local Alcoholics Anonymous Group last month marked the sixth year of AA activity here at Collin's Bay. In special ceremonies held in the officers mess, the Group met with visiting AA members from Toronto, Ottawa, Kingston, and Cobourg. Also in attendance were Deputy Warden Herbert Field, Chief Keeper William Downton, Canon Minto Swan, Father Felix Devine, and Major Mercer of the Salvation Army.

Speakers included Marg M., Secretary for the Central Office of AA in Toronto; Jack H., General Service Representative of the Cobourg Group, Deputy Warden Field, and the guest speaker, Gus G., of Ottawa. Lorne L., Secretary of the local Collin's Bay chapter of AA, presided over the proceedings, introducing each speaker.

The meeting commenced with the recitation by all members of the Group Prayer, led by Lorne L. This was followed by a reading of the "Twelve Steps" by Charlie H. Deputy Warden Field was the first speaker, and he expressed his pleasure in welcoming the visiting AA members. He stressed the need for AA activity in penal institutions and lauded the local group for the progress they had shown in overcoming their emotional problems that led them to alcoholism and their present circumstances.

Mr. Field was followed at the rostrum by Jack H., who said that AA members, as a body, have within their collective minds the

knowledge, wisdom and experience to counsel and help one another. "AA is a group effort," he said. "It is not enough to merely know what to do with the answers one gleans from AA meetings, but what to do with those answers toward applying them to an individual's own set of circumstances." Summing up, he said, "I like to think of AA as no brief flickering candle, but rather as a torch. It is up to each of us to make the flame glow a little brighter before passing it on to someone else."

The third speaker, Marg M., expressed pleasure at being able to attend. She deplored the fallacious thinking of some people who ridicule AA activities in prison. "Not being able to get liquor in prison has nothing to do with overcoming the problems of alcoholism," she said. "The psychological problems remain and I would urge every person with alcoholic problems who leaves prison to contact AA on reaching his destination. It is the safe way for all of us." She went on to say that "we in the Toronto chapter of AA, as with AA groups everywhere, are ready and willing to help at any time."

At the conclusion of her talk, Lorne L. presented Marg with a painting executed by a local inmate as "a token of our esteem."

The guest speaker of the afternoon was Gus G., of Ottawa, who recounted his personal rise and fall as an alcoholic; when and under what circumstances he first turned to drink as an escape, and how he gradually overcame his problems and conquered alcoholism. Speaking with genuine humility, Gus ended his talk with the thought that through Alcoholics Anonymous he was able to regain "the privilege and the ability to make a decision of my own . . . and acquire a new spiritual awakening within myself."

Also in attendance were Ralph Parks and Jim Morrow, Radio Room technicians, who tape-recorded the entire proceedings for the Group. Special acknowledgement and thanks is extended on behalf of the local AA group to Ed Haska. Don Campbell, Freddy Shatford and Bill Blanchard for foregoing their Saturday afternoon diversion and yard privileges in order to be on hand to serve refreshments to visiting guests and members.



A small weekly midwestern newspaper heads the list of births, marriages and deaths briefly: "Hatched, matched and detached."

The only difference between the saint and sinner is that every saint has a past and every sinner has a future.

JUST US

BY

Don Hurst

It's up to us as individuals to set our own course in life, and actually, we all seek the same thing...inner peace with ourselves. The writers proffers some thoughts on the matter.

The great castles of old still grace the world. Some are crumbling ruins. Others, surrounded by green velvet lawns and ancient oaks, still face proudly into the sun.

But the best of all castles is the one we discover inside ourselves.

If we can find peace of mind and a purpose in life, we have found a castle of wealth.

Each and every one of us were brought into this world for a reason.

Surely it was not to spend our lives behind bars, whiling time away at a monotonous, thankless job. No one here receives a pension for long service. Nor does one obtain gratuity or recognition.

Therefore, as average intelligent men, we can plainly see we profit nothing and stand to gain nothing by throwing away these precious years of our lives.

Wasted hours destroy our lives, just as surely at the beginning as at the end. . . only at the end it becomes more obvious. It is then too late to review the past with the idea of making excuses. We now have to look into the future and begin making plans for starting life anew.

The choice is ours. . . for each of us. . . to continue the life we are now leading, or endeavor to rectify and learn from our mistakes.

Just as everyone has a purpose in life, we also have our own social status. No matter how big or impressive a front we may display, or how many people we are successful in hoodwinking, we know in our own hearts and minds

just what talents we possess and what we really are. The one person we cannot hoodwink is ourself.

In our personal opinion, we feel too many of us have been influenced by others into thinking we can make a career out of crime.

If this were the case, why aren't there more people reverting to this field of livelihood? There are people much more intelligent than ourselves who are holding down honest positions beyond our prison confines. Why don't they get into the act and make a bid for all this easy money?

The answer is quite simple; they are smarter than we because they can see the odds are well stacked against them when anyone attempts to beat society. We are but one man against thousands who have devoted their lives to maintaining law and order in the community.

For most of us in here . . . if we intended to change, we are inclined to be an ordinary working man. We will marry, raise our families and lead a modest, normal life, sharing sorrow, love and happiness with others.

To some of us all this may appear dull. But to others, nothing could be duller than the humdrum of prison routine.

We can't all be the big shots and the millionaires. But we can be contented, happy people if we only realize our limitations and be satisfied with being "one of the pebbles on the beach."

_____ **_____** **_____**

Midnight scene: rain . . . sleet . . . a drunk in a doorway . . . a cop.

Drunk: "I live here."

Cop: "Why don't you go in?"

Drunk: "I lost my key."

Cop: "Then ring the bell."

Drunk: "I rang the bell an hour ago."

Cop: "Ring it again."

Drunk: "Hell with 'em; let 'em wait."

Mexico's "Factory Of New Men" is nearing completion and will be ready for occupancy shortly. This radical departure on the part of Mexican penal administrators from traditional prison practices indicates enlightenment above and beyond many countries who generally consider Mexico "backward."

Mexican Prison To Rebuild Men

INMATES of Lucumberri Penitentiary, a crumbling fortress in use since 1900, will move some time this year to a new prison without bars or locks.

The unusual prison is rising near a new jail for women, which in two years of operation has proved the advanced concept of Mexican penologists that prisoners do not have to be locked in cells. Women's dormitories are barred, but they are never locked.

In the "Factory Of New Men", as it is called by its architect, inmates will live in comfortable dormitories much like college students, learn trades in modern workshops, and may reserve rooms in a 20-room guest hotel (The C.B. Diamond, June, 1957) when wives visit them.

Architect Ramon Marcos Ramos has designed the futuristic stone and glass buildings for an illusion of freedom such as few prisoners elsewhere in the world enjoy.

"What Mexican delinquents need," he said, "is not a maximum-security institution but a place where their chances of respectable employment can become a real hope. Most offenders never had a chance, and many are illiterate. We want to change this. That is why I call the new prison a 'Fabrica de Hombres Nuevos'."

This idea is not new in Mexico. Model prisoners in the old penitentiary enjoy so many privileges that Mexicans jokingly refer to Lucumberri as "The Black Palace."

Lucumberri, in service for 57 years, has barred cells but well-behaving prisoners of long tenure who can rent small apartments and order their food sent in from outside...if they have the money. Wives may visit overnight once a week.

There are workshops of all kinds including a foundry where inmates make iron benches for city parks, a tailor shop where they sew

uniforms for Mexico City's police force (as well as their own denims), and a press room where they print legal forms for the judicial system including sometimes, ironically, their own sentences.

Penal authorities recognize that the over-worked courts must be revolutionized as well as detention quarters.

The new prison, costing about million dollars, will house only sentenced prisoners. Those awaiting trial must remain in Lucumberri.

With a vocational center, the prison will operate much like the "Carcel de Mujeres" (women's prison) where female prisoners may choose their occupations which include sewing and handicrafts. The women's prison has a nursery where children, many born in prison, are cared for. It also has a theatre and stores.

The prison for men will have workshops to train electricians, radio and television technicians, tailors, foundry workers, carpenters, printers, soap-makers, bakers, and artisans of native handicrafts. Illiterates will be taught to read and write.

Dormitory buildings, administration units and work shops of the new prison will be separated by spacious lawns and gardens, tended by the inmates. There will be an athletic field and sports activity.

The old Lucumberri prison, which covers an entire city block, was considered a model prison when built. In 1900, Mexico City had about 500,00 residents. Now the city's population has mushroomed to over 4,000,00...or approximately eight times its size 57 years ago.

The prison population is three times greater than in 1900. With space limited for workshops, many prisoners serve out their sentences in idleness. Those who do work, however, are allowed to share earnings.

THE LAST WORD

Readers who take the time to read our publications deserve some space within the magazine to voice their opinions, pro and con... so let fly!

** ** **

The Editors:

Thank you so much for sending me five copies of The C.B. Diamond for May. It is a magazine of fine quality, and one of my top favorites.

I have been sending The C.B. Diamond away with the rest of the penal press to make friends for all of us.

Yesterday I met two correctional workers from England and Scotland studying here. I am sending samples of the penal press publications to which I subscribe to their homes, and I know The C.B. Diamond is going to mean something special to them, coming from their Canadian cousins.

Introducing the penal press to people is the happiest job I have ever done. So many people want to know, and want to care...if we will only reach them as people!

We have to seek our friends out of the crowd and bring them into the prison one at a time. By making good friends out of a few, they will carry your ideas to the many. It is the fastest way to make permanent changes. The increased interest in the penal press everywhere indicates we can hope for changes.

My best wishes to you and your fine staff. It is so kind of you to remember me.

Sincerely,
(Mrs.) Dorothy Scheer
Philadelphia, Pa.

** ** ** **

The pleasure and privilege is all ours, Mrs. Scheer; thank you for your warm encouragement. ...*The Editors.*

The Editors:

The Diamond is improving. You are moving in the right direction at last. Keep up the fine work.

...J.V.H.

How about helping us keep up the 'fine work' with a contribution?

...*The Editors.*

What's *Your* Pet Peeve?

Is it people who are always a half-hour late for an appointment? Or folks who smoke in elevators? Perhaps it's nothing more than being served a cup of luke-warm coffee.

Anyway, we all have 'em. Everybody has a pet peeve or two tucked away inside their temperamental makeup.

Our pet peeve are those unthinking folks who sound off in a pseudo-authoritative voice on crime-and-punishment theories, knowing not whereof they speak! Now as most of us know, in order to discuss matters judicial and penological, you gotta have the facts, man. Well, in this regard, The C.B. Diamond should be your penological bible. Each issue is crammed from cover to cover with news items, statistics, provocative articles and essays.

So if you're one of those folks who from time to time find yourself enmeshed in a deep discussion on crime and imprisonment, why not bolster your theories and thoughts with accurate, authoritative facts and figures!

Subscribe to The C.B. Diamond now! We don't guarantee that your pet peeve in this regard will be lessened to any degree, but we're sure it'll tone down the uniformed opposition!



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PRISONERS ARE PEOPLE

WALLS

Walls, walls, walls, everywhere —
Their morbid aspect appalls;

Excluding freedom's holy air —
Walls within walls within walls.

Towering high above one,
Sheer cliffs of cold, grey stone,

Closing in upon you —
In your prison cell, alone.

The very soul of man cries out
For a helping hand when he falls;

For understanding, not revenge —
Behind the grim, grey walls.

With help a fallen man can rise,
However prone he sprawls—

By means of understanding
While he's still behind the walls.

—Anonymous

The C. B. Diamond
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